VOL. XLIV, Part 3 SUMMER NUMBER, 1948 No. 287
Published 1st June

THE DICKENSIAN

EDITED BY LESLIE C. STAPLES

PUBLISHED BY THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP AT
THE DICKENS HOUSE, 48 DOUGHTY STREET,
LONDON, W.C. 1

PRICE TWO SHILLINGS AND SIXPENCE
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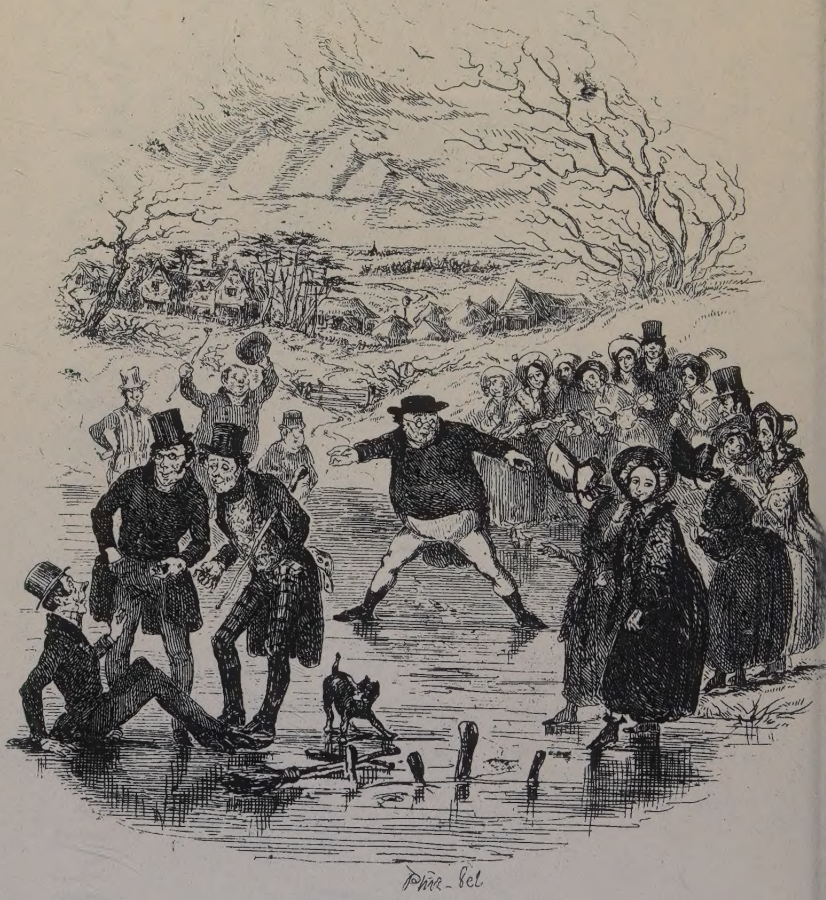

Mr. Pickwick Slides

(*p. 413*)

[*Specimen Illustration*]

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MANY thousands of readers, young and old alike, have been familiar with Dickens through the pre-war Oxford editions. Constant reprinting had worn the plates to such an extent, however, that the need for a complete 'resetting' had long been apparent. This was not an easy undertaking, and the illustrations in particular presented a difficult problem. So extreme had been the wear and tear upon them, that much of the detail had become obliterated. Furthermore, the original metal plates of the engravings on steel and copper by the earlier illustrators are no longer available, having been dispersed as gifts to the subscribers to the monumental Nonesuch Dickens in the years before the war. For the purposes of this present edition it was therefore decided to re-photograph the illustrations from the best early copies, and from these photographic reproductions new plates have been made. The results proved to be excellent, and the familiar pictures will appear in these volumes to better advantage than at any time since they were first seen by the earliest generation of Dickens readers.

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with an introduction by HUMPHRY HOUSE

NICHOLAS NICKLEBY
with an introduction by DAME SYBIL THORNDIKE

THE OLD CURIOSITY SHOP
with an introduction by THE EARL OF WICKLOW

DOMBEY AND SON
with an introduction by H. W. GARROD

It is hoped that the first two of the above titles will be ready in the spring of 1948, the third and fourth in the autumn, and the second four during 1949

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With those words, Mr. Pickwick turned slowly on his heel, and rejoined his friends.

While Mr. Pickwick was delivering himself of the sentiment just recorded, Mr. Weller and the fat boy, having by their joint endeavours cut out a slide, were exercising themselves thereupon, in a very masterly and brilliant manner. Sam Weller, in particular, was displaying that beautiful feat of fancy-sliding which is currently denominated 'knocking at the cobbler's door,' and which is achieved by skimming over the ice on one foot, and occasionally giving a postman's knock upon it with the other. It was a good long slide, and there was something in the motion which Mr. Pickwick, who was very cold with standing still, could not help envying.

'It looks a nice warm exercise that, doesn't it?' he inquired of Wardle, when that gentleman was thoroughly out of breath, by reason of the indefatigable manner in which he had converted his legs into a pair of compasses, and drawn complicated problems on the ice.

'Ah, it does indeed,' replied Wardle. 'Do you slide?'

'I used to do so, on the gutters, when I was a boy,' replied Mr. Pickwick.

'Try it now,' said Wardle.

'Oh do please, Mr. Pickwick!' cried all the ladies.

'I should be very happy to afford you any amusement,' replied Mr. Pickwick, 'but I haven't done such a thing these thirty years.'

'Pooh! pooh! Nonsense!' said Wardle, dragging off his skates with the impetuosity which characterised all his proceedings. 'Here; I'll keep you company; come along!' And away went the good tempered old fellow down the slide, with a rapidity which came very close upon Mr. Weller, and beat the fat boy all to nothing.

Mr. Pickwick paused, considered, pulled off his gloves and put them in his hat: took two or three short runs, baulked himself as often, and at last took another run, and went slowly and gravely down the slide, with his feet about a yard and a quarter apart, amidst the gratified shouts of all the spectators.

'Keep the pot a bilin', sir!' said Sam; and down went Wardle again, and then Mr. Pickwick, and then Sam, and then Mr. Winkle, and then Mr. Bob Sawyer, and then the fat boy, and then Mr. Snodgrass, following closely upon each other's heels,

'There are qualities in which some of Dickens's later books excelled *Pickwick*, but they are those in which other writers equalled or excelled Dickens. *Pickwick* is richest in the qualities in which Dickens excelled all the other writers; and if that is rather strong I think it best to say so boldly and at once.

"I thought of Mr. Pickwick and wrote the first chapter." So wrote Dickens in after years of the genesis of this unfading book, and unless it be in *Veni, Vidi, Vici*, so great a feat has perhaps never been described in so few words. To have conceived the merely embryo Mr. Pickwick as we first meet him may have been no very wonderful thing; but to have produced him as we part from him sorrowfully at Dulwich, the great gentleman and the great romantic, the knight errant, the "reglar thoroughbred angel in tights and gaiters", was an achievement unsurpassed in the domain of the lovable.'

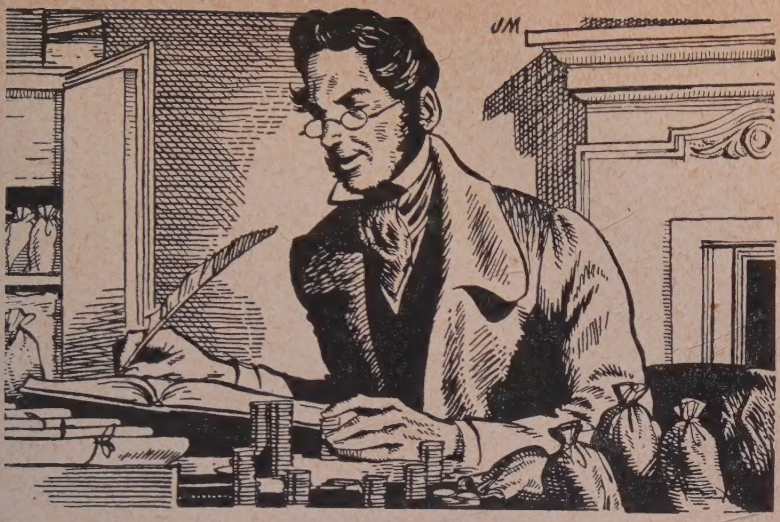
From BERNARD DARWIN'S *Introduction to* '*The Pickwick Papers*'.

CHARL
DICKE

The
Pickw
Pape

WITH TH
ORIGINA
ILLUSTRAT

OXFOR



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The "St. Ghastly Grim" of
The Uncommercial Traveller
from *London Pictures*, by Richard Lovett, 1890
(See page 131)

THE DICKENSIAN

SUMMER NUMBER

VOL. XLIV 1st JUNE, 1948 No. 287

WHEN FOUND—

Conference. The first Dickens Fellowship Conference to be held out of London since 1939, at Southend-on-Sea, was brilliantly successful. A full report will appear in our next issue.

* * * * *

The Retiring President. Conference saw the end of Mr. Henry Charles Dickens's term of office as President and thus concluded a very notable and happy chapter in the Fellowship's history. Mr. Dickens carried out his duties with dignity, enthusiasm, and the closest attention to the welfare of the society. His name will remain a distinguished one on the long list of Past Presidents. But just as he was always ready to place himself at our disposal before he took office, we are certain that his interest in our welfare will not cease with his retirement, which he celebrated by the characteristic gift to the Dickens House of a very fine letter from his illustrious grandfather to Bulwer-Lytton in praise of the latter's *Lost Tales of Miletus*. The presentation was made at the George Inn, Borough, on the occasion of a committee dinner. By his generous action he has placed Dickensians under yet another obligation to him.

* * * * *

Admiral Dickens. On May 29th the Rochester Branch mustered in force in the beautiful and flower-bedecked old Guildhall of the city to hear Admiral Sir Gerald Charles Dickens, grandson of the novelist. The Mayor presided, supported by the President of the Branch, the Dean of Rochester, himself once a naval chaplain. Sir Gerald gave a delightful address in which he referred to the natural curiosity of readers of great books to perceive the man behind the author. Men of genius, he truly remarked, are seldom understood, especially by other geniuses. An essay by the late Virginia Wolfe was instanced. She was so little impressed by Dickens that she would not cross a street, she wrote, to see him. The Admiral gave many instances of the great love of Dickens which he had come across in his travels. Afterwards, the company was entertained by the Mayor to light refreshments in the Council Chamber, when many members and visitors had the opportunity of meeting Sir Gerald.

* * * * *

Another *Life* It is announced that a *Life of Dickens* is being written by Hesketh Pearson whose biographies of Bernard Shaw and Oscar Wilde have met with such great success. Mr. Pearson is reported to have said that he does not anticipate the incorporation of any new material.

A Memorable Occasion. The pupils of Manor Lane Secondary School for Physically Handicapped Boys, in South East London, have been studying the life and work of Dickens to some purpose. They have been reading the books, visiting the Dickens House and later they propose to visit Gad's Hill. At the exhibition they held at the end of the Easter Term, not only were specimens, of remarkable quality, of their handiwork on view but they gave a spirited performance of scenes from *The Old Curiosity Shop* in which the whole school obviously took the greatest pride. The acting was on an astonishing level and other boys were responsible for the scene painting, designing and printing the programme and other phases of the production. Part of the programme cover design is printed here from the boys' own block. Costumes were lent by the Dickens Fellowship.

* * * * *

The George and Vulture. Our good friend, Mr. H. G. Wade, of the Winnipeg Branch of the Fellowship, has very kindly sent us copies of *The Beaver*, the journal of the Hudson Bay Company which contain an article on the George and Vulture where Mr. Pickwick "hung out." The London premises of the Company adjoined the famous inn and many of its Canadian officials put up there when visiting London. By good fortune there have been preserved some letters from such a resident written in 1840 only four years after the publication of Pickwick, which provide some interesting contemporary sidelights on the inn, in addition to descriptions of other scenes in London, familiar to readers of Dickens. Some of the letters appear in *Letters of Letitia Hargrave* (Champlain Society, Toronto, 1947) and others are in the Hargrave MSS. owned by the Society.

* * * * *

A New Pickwick. The Heritage Press of New York has presented a copy of its handsome edition of *Pickwick* to the Dickens House. An exceedingly well-printed volume of 764 pages, bound in sober grey and red linen, it is chiefly notable for the illustrations of Gordon Ross, the artist responsible for those in the Limited Editions Club *Great Expectations*. There are eight full-page plates in colour and a series of drawings for the chapter headings. The former are delightfully suggestive of English watercolours (we understand Mr. Ross to be a Scot) and perhaps the most successful is that of Winkle, the humour of which is all the more appealing for its restraint. The story of the novel is simply and well set forth in *Sandglass*, issued by the Heritage Club, but "the fat old beau" of Richmond who suggested Pickwick's appearance to Dickens was one Foster and certainly not John Forster his biographer. Other novels have appeared in the series but how many and the terms of subscription we do not know.

* * * * *

And an Old One. An interesting and unusual copy of the *Pickwick* was recently sold at Hodgson's Auction Rooms in Chancery Lane for £400. It was bound in half calf from the original monthly parts in green wrappers as issued, with all the

advertisement leaves and slips preserved and it had all those "points" both in respect of plates and text on which collectors set great store. Though the price realised seems high it would certainly have realised very much more had the parts been preserved intact. *Pickwick* is indeed a very remarkable book from the point of view of the collector, for whereas bound copies are comparatively common, with an average value of two or three guineas, copies which have been preserved in their original state are worth—as in the present case—several hundred pounds.

* * * * *

A Presentation Copy. The same sale also included an interesting copy of the First Edition of *Great Expectations*, in three volumes in the original cloth, which was presented by Dickens to Scott Russell, co-designer with Brunel of the famous "Great Eastern" steamship. It sold for £95.

* * * * *

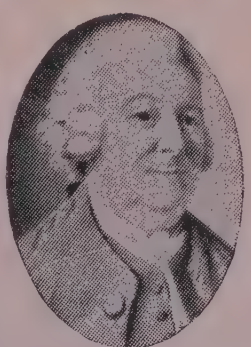
Railways. Although it has no direct reference to Dickens except his association with the Staplehurst accident (which is illustrated from *The Dickensian*), *The Railways of Britain, Past and Present*, by O. S. Nock, will interest many of our readers as throwing many interesting lights upon that phase of English social history which the novelist dealt with in *Dombey and Son*. That hallmark of quality and copious illustration, the Batsford imprint, will sufficiently recommend it to those interested.

* * * * *

On the Spanish Stage. It was surprising to find Scrooge on the boards in Madrid this spring. The Compañia del Teatro Nacional, presented at the Teatro Maria Guerrero, *El Anticuario*, by Enrique Suárez de Deza "on a theme by Charles Dickens." The title suggested *The Old Curiosity Shop*, but Scrooge was the central character and although many other characters and some incidents of *A Christmas Carol* were incorporated, there was much that is not to be found in Dickens. Scrooge, played by Guillermo Marín, was an antiquarian, and prominent among the antiquities in which he dealt was a magic fiddle. The three spirits of Christmas made their appearance simultaneously, dressed from head to foot in tail-coats and tall hats of red, green and white satin respectively, looking rather like Fee, Fo, Fum. The play was well received and starting at the usual Spanish hour of 11 p.m., Scrooge's recantation was reached in the small hours.

* * * * *

The distiller of Holborn. When broadcasting *Barnaby Rudge* recently, the B.B.C. published a portrait of Thomas Langdale, which by permission of his great-great-grandson, the Rev. Eugene Langdale, and the Editor of the *Radio Times*, we reproduce here. The artist is Thomas Hickey, the friend of Dr. Johnson. Langdale was born in 1714 and died in 1790 bringing up a family of eighteen. After the fire at the Holborn distillery which Dickens described with so much effect in his novel, Langdale claimed and presumably obtained £50,000 from the Sun Insurance Co. and he was granted the right by the Government to distil without licence for a year. His wife was related by marriage to the Duke of Northumberland which probably enabled him to bring his losses to the notice of the influential. The firm was dissolved in the days of his son in 1827. The later firm, Messrs. E. F. Langdale, are not believed to have any connection with the earlier one.



The New York Salerooms. At the Col. John B. Gribbel Sale at the Parke-Bernet Galleries in New York the copy of *The Old Curiosity Shop* presented by the author to Macready fetched $200. It had changed hands at $450 in 1941.

* * * * *

Oliver Twist at Windsor. A version of *Oliver Twist* was performed by the resident repertory company at the Theatre Royal, Windsor, in February and later at Stratford-on-Avon. The adaptation was by Russell Thorndike who himself played Fagin. The production recalls that Mr. Thorndike wrote for the Old Vic in 1917, a version in collaboration with Eric Ross. He played the Jew on that occasion, too, and his sister, now Dame Sybil, was the Nancy.

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Vancouver and Southwark. The Vancouver Branch of the Dickens Fellowship has presented to Southwark Cathedral a large and handsome Alms Box, a triumph of craftsmanship, for the reception of alms for the poor of London.

* * * * *

J. Cooper Sands. For a great many years now the moving spirit of the Nottingham Branch of the Dickens Fellowship has been Mr. J. Cooper Sands. To attend a meeting of that branch is instantly to realise the affection with which he is held, an affection which is shared by many another branch, for he still gets about to other branches with his delightful lectures. The prosperity of the Nottingham Branch has been largely built up on dramatic performances of the novels and for this purpose Mr. Sands made and printed his own adaptations. There is an impressive list of them, five complete plays and seventeen sketches. With characteristic generosity, the author has presented the entire stock of them to the Dickens House for the use of members of the Fellowship and others. Details of them will be found on p. iii of wrapper. Proceeds of their sale will go to the Dickens House Endowment Fund (Walter Dexter Memorial) without deduction, and purchase of a sufficient number of copies for a production will carry all performing rights. We tender our most grateful thanks to the donor for his generosity which will confer so many benefits on the Fellowship.

* * * * *

Hamlet *à la* Dickens. It appears to be the fashion now-a-days for classic plays to be set in any period but that selected by the dramatist. We have had quite a number of instances of this in recent years, but the practice does not call for discussion here. As if to emphasise the town's debt to Dickens, as reported in these notes in December, this year's Stratford-on-Avon production of *Hamlet* has been adorned with early Victorian dresses and uniforms. One critic reports that many of the characters have "an odd air of having stepped out of Dickens rather than Shakespeare and the First Player is Crummles to the life."

* * * * *

For the Character Actor. For the actor who prefers to appear alone, Mr. Eric Jones-Evans has followed his book of character studies from *Barnaby Rudge* which was noticed in our last number, with another : *Character Sketches from Charles Dickens* (Samuel French, 2*s*.). This one, again with a foreword by Bransby Williams (and who could more appropriately provide one) contains a dozen striking studies from the various books which will merit the attention of amateur and professional alike.

Congratulations. Greetings to the Pickwick Club of Quincy, U.S.A., which in January celebrated the seventy-fifth anniversary of its foundation. It consists of twenty-five men and women who meet regularly for social relaxation and discussion but Dickens is the topic on only one evening annually.

* * * * *

Ninety, not out. Among the voices recently heard in the B.B.C. feature "In Town To-night," was that of Mr. A. Browning, who, at the ripe age of ninety claims to be the senior practising commercial traveller in the country. Not content with this record, Mr. Browning is the Hon. Secretary of the Leyton Branch of the Dickens Fellowship. Our united good wishes go out to him in his labours.

* * * * *

And Another. Nonagenarians flourish in the Dickens Fellowship. We were delighted to have recent news of another. This is Mrs. Dickinson of Chicago. The meeting of the branch in that city, which was held on March 13th, was made the occasion of celebrating Mrs. Dickinson's 99th Birthday, complete with a cake bearing 99 candles.

* * * * *

Dolge. The suggestion that Orlick's Christian name, Dolge, was an invention is recalled by Mrs. Angela Thirkell, the novelist, who points out that there is a township named Dolgeville in New York State.

* * * * *

Broadstairs Festival. This year's Dickens Festival at Broadstairs is fixed for October 20th to 23rd, during which a new adaptation by Gladys Waterer of *A Tale of Two Cities* will be presented. Here is a capital opportunity for an autumn holiday.

* * * * *

Well, Well! A headmistress when ordering books recently included *Nicholas Nickleby*. She was surprised to be informed by the bookseller that "With regard to your order for *Nicholas Nickleby* by Charles Dickens, this book has not yet been published." One commentator on this piece of news writes that "the boast of 'record sale before publication' has for once been justified."

* * * * *

Codlin, not Short. A correspondent in the *Times Literary Supplement* points out that in claiming Sergeant Cuff to be the first detective in English fiction, the publishers of a new edition of *The Moonstone* are in error. That distinction is indubitably held by Dickens's Inspector Bucket; *Bleak House* having preceded Wilkie Collins's novel by fifteen years.

* * * * *

An Omission. We regret that in the notice of the Christmas production of "A Cricket on the Hearth," which appeared in our last number, by some mischance no mention was made of Doris Day's praiseworthy presentation of the difficult part of Dot Peerybingle.

LESLIE C. STAPLES.

Immortal Memory

By IVOR BROWN

UNDER THE chairmanship of the President, Mr. Henry Charles Dickens, one hundred and sixty members and friends gathered at the Criterion Restaurant in London on February 6th in celebration of the Anniversary of the Birth of Charles Dickens.

The toast to "The Immortal Memory of Charles Dickens" was proposed by Mr. Ivor Brown, Editor of *The Observer*, who said:

It is a very great honour you pay me in asking me to propose the toast of the evening, that of "The Immortal Memory of Charles Dickens." I am unworthy because I am not, as probably most of you are, a Dickens specialist and if you were to ask me now to name in order the works of Dickens year by year I would, I feel, make an inadequate response to that question. Of course I do not know whether you could all do this yourselves; perhaps some of you would care to try it. While a specialist has been defined as a man who knows more and more about less and less, I wander through life knowing less and less about more and more. So many new subjects crop up, and I want to have a taste of them all. We cannot all be scholars of Dickens; we can be "enjoyers" of Dickens and I hope I can claim to be numbered in that class, which of course is what *he* wanted, not necessarily enjoyment of his own works, but enjoyment of life in general and the power to relate, as he did, the glory of the human comedy to the pathos of the human tragedy.

In being a Dickens specialist one has to review him and speak of him in the light of other great men. He stands, I think, alongside Shakespeare as one of the two great figures in English letters; these are the supreme giants, he and Shakespeare together. They shared an unhappy start, a troubled upbringing, but it seems to be one of the curious features of English men of letters that to have a father who gets into financial or other trouble—a father who in the eyes of the world is a failure—is one of the passports to being a great author. So if your father's fortunes are dwindling, you can hope for the best! We all know that Dickens's father was put into gaol for debt; Shakespeare's father also was frequently under a cloud, so that Shakespeare's boyhood was spent in a rather troublesome home, very similar to that in which Dickens was brought up. To name some of our great authors—up to the present day—Shaw, H. G. Wells, Noel Coward, have all had this experience of living in a home where the floor was sinking beneath them. Perhaps it is a start in life to have that "sinking feeling" in the home. It certainly worked well in the case of Charles Dickens and also in the case of Shakespeare.

Both Dickens and Shakespeare shared a love of the County of Kent. Shakespeare never lived there but he knew Kent as a specialist, and Dickens had the great Shakespearean memory of it. As Chesterton put it: "From the height of Gads Hill at which he stared unceasingly there looked down upon him the monstrous ghost of Falstaff, Falstaff who might well have been the spiritual father of all Dickens's adorable knaves, Falstaff the great mountain of English laughter and English sentimentalism, the great, healthy, humane English humbug, not to be matched among the nations."

Here then are two great masters. They both give us comfort and delight because they tell a tale superbly well; they were master-craftsmen of their art. People in these days do not seem to care very much about such craftsmanship; they are more interested in the result. Both these men worked at their stories so exceptionally well, both *made* people so vividly that they cannot be forgotten, and it is

interesting in contrast to remember that very few others writing in the English language have created any characters whose names are "household words." Everyone knows of the great Dickens and Shakespearean characters—a Pickwickian or a Falstaffian man is a phrase understood by all—but how many authors have impressed a name on our language, a household name that comes to the mind or to the lips when the author's name is mentioned ? Of course we know the difficulties under which writers of to-day are labouring ; it needs time to get your work impressed on the public's consciousness and an author's books so easily go out of print in these days and so out of mind, too. But in recent times, before the present handicaps, even a great author like Kipling, whose narrative power is beyond question, has not left a single name that is well known to all. Yet there are a score of Dickens names which are absolutely familiar to everybody ; they crop up in the papers from day to day and do not fade out of the public's mind, which puts Dickens right beside Shakespeare ; their names abide for ever.

Now to-day we live in a highly-political age in which our thoughts and actions are governed very largely by political considerations, and there I think we have a tremendous contrast between the times in which Shakespeare and Dickens lived. Shakespeare believed in order ; he saw that England had just emerged from disastrous anarchy, the period of the Baronial Wars and the Wars of the Roses, an era in history which it is very hard for us to understand. The policy of the Tudor period was for a national solidification and harnessing together of the rival houses for a country united under the Crown. Shakespeare was essentially an "archist" as opposed to an anarchist. But Dickens in his time felt that national discipline could be a frightening thing. He believed essentially in the goodness of human nature ; Shakespeare believed in the goodness of human nature in childhood, but did not trust it much further—he was much more sceptical about the goodness of men, as the following quotation illustrates :

> We were as twinn'd lambs that did frisk i' the sun
> And bleat the one at the other : what we changed
> Was innocence for innocence ; we knew not
> The doctrine of ill doing, nor dream'd
> That any did.

Dickens I am sure, during the whole of his life, perhaps wrongly but certainly sincerely, believed that human nature is somehow good if you will only leave it alone. In all his books are protests against organisations which attempted to reduce individuality and to press people into one mass. That is the dominant feeling underneath any one of Dickens's stories. He was a radical and a democrat and the paradox of his democracy was this : he was radically sceptical of all democratic machinery. He believed in the Common Man, but nobody has been more vitriolic about the House of Commons. His scathing satire on democracy expressed his feelings when he wrote that chapter about Mr. Veneering's entry into the House of Commons. What a wonderful chapter it is ! Dickens was sentimentally democratic ; he felt that the relics of the Feudal System must go, but he was profoundly critical of the way in which the reformers of his time were setting about their task.

Dickens could always turn round and criticise himself and his "causes," which is the chief sign of greatness in any writer or any public man. No author, no writer, no speaker, no statesman, will fundamentally establish himself in the hearts of the people for ever unless he has this capacity for reviewing what he stands for and then having a laugh at himself. This was true of Shakespeare himself.

Nobody could put more ferocious pessimism into his work at one period of his life than Shakespeare, and yet a year later he was writing about the flowers that bloom in the spring with such ecstasy that it would make life seem endurable, even entrancing, to a tortured cripple. Dickens also could always turn round, see things in proportion, see their absurdities and present them fairly to the public. He would say, for example, "I am a great believer in freedom and therefore in a Free Church, but here is Chadband, and I do not like him." Always he had the capacity to take the double view and that really is what establishes people in public sympathy.

Nowadays we live in a world of statistics, of hard facts, and not long ago I turned to *Hard Times*. I felt this to be appropriate, since we are living in hard times. I found all my delight renewed in the Bounderbys, Mr. M'Choakumchild, Mr. Gradgrind, and all those other wonderfully drawn people. Dickens rebelled against people being expected to face and swallow facts only, and to turn everything else out of their lives. He wanted fancy, too. Surely there never was a time when we more wanted his wonderful, darting imagination and his great gift of laughter, with the ability to turn round and have a look at ourselves. I am afraid I do not think our present rulers are very good at that; they are very earnest people, but very touchy. If you make the slightest joke about them, they fail to see it and they certainly cannot laugh at themselves.

And now for a further, most urgent point. What we all want now most of all in our lives is colour. Aren't we starved of it? Look at London to-day. The dull, drab, war-battered city has admittedly got a little better lately, for one does see a fresh coat of paint occasionally and sometimes, somewhere, there is a "new look" about the streets. But, on the whole, what a City! Nobody can buy the clothes they want or do the things they want; we are all moving about in a rather shabby, dusty kind of way, for we not only have the ruins, but also the dust that goes with the ruins. This greyness, through no fault of our own or of our rulers, is what we are living in. And so, wherever you look there is a popular desire for escape into colour. Not long ago in London there were queues a mile long waiting to see, not only the Royal Wedding gifts, but also the van Gogh pictures. People stood in the rain for hours to see the paintings of an artist. Why? Partly because he was a master of colour, especially of great seas of golden colour. People knew they would see something to "warm" them here, and they badly need this heart-warming.

Then there is the increase in the popularity of ballet. Why do people want to see dancing? A few years ago ballet drew only a few followers, a "high-brow" clique; now it is a tremendous national pleasure and people will flock to see it. Why? Because it combines massed movement, harmonious noise, and lavish colour—and the same is true with the great orchestras. There is a tremendous desire for some relief from drabness, and here also in letters—in Dickens—you have that relief. In Dickens's works you have colour in words, colour poured out in his words and sentences, colour in his characters, for Dickens could see nothing drab. If he saw a drab man in the street, he would come back and paint him so miraculously drab that he became a kind of bright yellow. From people whom you and I might say were dull types, somehow he would pull out a great wealth of colour so that they would stand out on paper in hue, unforgettably radiant in their drabness! Because he did that, people said his characters were exaggerations. Maybe they were, when judged by others' sight. But his vision went a little further than theirs could. Exaggeration? Well, art is well-defined as exaggeration apropos.

I define art as life plus "X." You take a look at life and you see it,

you write about it, draw it, put it into music, or into sculpture—any one of the arts. You put it there plus "X"—yourself. You try to pour your own little extra bit into it. Some artists forget all about life, remember only themselves, and make the result *all* "X." They would go out, see a landscape, come back, put six cubes on a piece of paper and declare that it is the landscape. Dickens watched something, observed it, came back, and wrote about it, but his "X" was not egotistical. His books are life plus "X," just enough "X." His character of Chadband was really two Chadbands stuffed together; the result thus became a little larger than life but was not a distortion of life; the great Dickensian characters do not become false figures. Dickens's "X" simply multiplied life; his books were reality plus "X" and *what* an "X" he gave them by taking people and making them doubly themselves!

One further point on which to close. We proudly call the works of Dickens a national possession. They *should* be a national possession and I am profoundly dissatisfied about the law of copyright whereby after a man's death all his property is thrown to anyone who wants to use it. If Dickens had stayed in the blacking factory and finally owned it, he could have passed it down and it would have eventually come to our present Chairman, who would in consequence be enormously rich owing to one hundred years of prosperity in the blacking business. Dickens wrote books instead of making boot polish: these are now thrown free to anyone who chooses to exploit them. I do believe that a Nationalised Copyright would be a very good thing for this country in these days of nationalising everything. I do not see why a film magnate, when he makes Dickens films, should get away with the Dickens scripts for nothing, when he probably has to pay twenty to thirty thousand pounds for the rights of a far inferior modern novel. What is the worth to him of *Great Expectations*, *Nicholas Nickleby*, and now *Oliver Twist*? Surely there should be huge sums coming in revenue to somebody and, if not to the family, it might well be to the Nation. If we are going to nationalise something, then the Nation should retain a right in its masterpieces. If that could be achieved, what could not you, the Dickens Fellowship, do with the money? You could endow your Dickens House. You could have your dinners and functions free. Why should the hat be passed round for this and that if copyright could be collected on all the classics? Shakespeare could have wiped out the National Debt by now! A high royalty is not suggested, but even a trifle of one per cent. would create a vast national fund for a series of good causes, of which remembering Dickens in practical ways is obviously one. I do feel the point should be pressed forward, in order that our resources can be used to good advantage.

And so I give you the toast to The Immortal Memory of Charles Dickens for all the richness, all the colour, all the exuberance he gave to us, as well as for the precious faculty of seeing all things, with laughter, in proportion: those qualities that are so tremendously needed in our life to-day: they are all there, on that magnificent book-shelf, which leads from *Boz* to *Drood*.

A further tribute was paid by Miss Rose Smith-Rose and the Health of the Chairman was proposed by Mr. R. C. D. Jenkins, J.P. A brilliant character study, "Mr. Podsnap" by Mr. R. C. D. Shuckburgh, great-grandson of the novelist, delighted the company and excellent entertainment was provided by Mr. Louis Dare and Mr. Stock Wynn.

GASHFORD AND GORDON

By FRANK A. GIBSON

I.

IT was stated in *The Dickensian* for 1933, p. 175, that the prototype of Gashford in *Barnaby Rudge* was Dr. Robert Watson, a half-length oil painting of whom is in the Scottish National Portrait Gallery. The portrait shows an elderly, bald-headed man, with finely chiselled features, high-arched brow, sharp eyes and acquiline nose, "a countenance expressive of strength of purpose and rare intelligence." Dickens had evidently not seen this portrait when he wrote the unflattering description of Gashford in chapter 35 of *Barnaby Rudge*. He had, however, no doubt read the reports of the inquest held on Watson, which were published in *The Times* of the 22nd and 23rd November, 1838. The first of these was to the following effect:—

> An inquest was held on Tuesday, 20th November, at the Blue Anchor Tavern, St. Mary-at-Hill, Thames Street, on the body of Mr. Robert Watson, aged eighty-eight, who committed a most determined act of suicide by strangling. Mr. Brown, proprietor, stated that in March last deceased came to his house, representing himself as just arrived from Boulogne, and enquired if he could be accommodated with a lodging. He resided there about five weeks, when he left to go to Bath. He returned a short time after, when he was seized, on his way to witness's house, with a fit of apoplexy and conveyed to Guy's Hospital. He was an inmate of the Hospital for several weeks and was visited by witness. He returned to lodge at witness's house on Sunday night last, 18th.
>
> He was sitting in company with witness in the bar parlour about ten o'clock, when he said: "Mr. Brown, you have never asked me who or what I am." Witness acquiesced, when the deceased stated that during the riots in the year 1780 he was secretary to Lord George Gordon; that he had been to every court in the world; that he had been the intimate friend of Washington, and he thanked God he had lived to see America free; he had repeatedly conversed with Napoleon. He had resided for several years in France, whence he proceeded to Rome, where he discovered a quantity of papers of the greatest importance to England.
>
> In answer to questions put by the foreman of the jury, the witness added that deceased was of very reserved habits. He spoke the language of every country fluently, and his company was courted by persons who visited the house. He had never explained his reason for visiting Bath, nor had he [Brown ?] discovered any important document; but at the time deceased was seized with the fit he stated he had lost his pocket-book containing some papers of vast importance. A piece of paper containing some writing in French found in deceased's bedroom was handed to the coroner and translated: "A man comes to give us the secrets of Government."

The second newspaper report stated that before the inquest a very large number of people had come to view the body, and that "since the inquest" no fewer than 19 wounds had been discovered on various parts of the body. It seems not improbable that these "wounds"—probably a few old scars—may have suggested the name of "Gashford" to Dickens.

In reading this inquest report it is impossible to escape the impression of a man accustomed to loose and exaggerated statements: Watson had been to "every court in the world"; he spoke the language of "every country fluently"; he had been the "intimate friend of Washington"; he had discovered a quantity of papers "of the greatest importance to England"; his pocket-book contained papers of "vast importance." Yet it would appear that there were elements of truth in all the statements except the one which interests Dickensians most and which was apparently the most credible—that Watson had been secretary to George Gordon in 1780.

II.

It seems to be agreed that Watson took part on the side of the "insurgents" in the American War of Independence. If this is accepted, is it likely that he would have returned to his homeland while the war was still in progress; and, if that likelihood were by any chance allowed, is it conceivable that he would have assumed immediately a position of prominence as secretary to Lord George Gordon or the Protestant Association? In this country, whether or not an intimate friend of Washington, he would have been officially a renegade, with the evidence of his treason fresh upon him—a candidate for the kind of death described by Jerry Cruncher as "spiling a man." In any case, careful if occasional research has failed to reveal any evidence that he had anything to do with the riots. The actual Secretary to the Association was James Fisher, an attorney, concerning whom Horace Walpole noted in his Journal for the 9th June, 1780:—

> "Fisher, a very shrewd man, secretary to the Protestant Association, was taken up, examined and discharged but this I believe was in concert with himself . . . . . It was said that he had given up all the correspondence of the Society."

Unfortunately, he had not, or a great many matters which will now probably never be elucidated would have become known. What happened was, as stated by Mr. John Staples, of the Whitechapel "Rotation Office" (*not* an early form of the Circumlocution Department, but an eighteenth-century magistrate's or "police" court, the members of which sat daily in turn) that Fisher, on hearing of Gordon's arrest, "immediately declared that he had destroyed all the papers that would hurt his friends, or words to that effect." Mr. Staples appears to have taken rather a "rotatory" part in the arrests, for he writes: "For various reasons Fisher could not be seized before; I had so many difficulties to encounter." These, unfortunately, not only permitted Fisher to make away with all compromising documents but also gave him time to look out a selection of innocent papers relating to his affairs as an attorney, which were all carefully examined without result when Fisher arrived with them at the Tower. Was Staples's dilatoriness justified, or was he sheltering friends in the City? Walpole was wrong in suggesting that Fisher had surrendered incriminatory documents; he may well have been right in the highly suggestive remark that the arrest was "in concert with himself."

It will be seen, therefore, that, his own statement apart, Watson does not appear a likely candidate for the honour of secretary to Lord George Gordon. At what time he actually became acquainted with Gordon is not clear. His sycophantic Life of Gordon ("The Life of Lord George Gordon with a philosophical review of his political conduct") was published in 1795, and, as stated in the article by Mr. W. Forbes Gray, F.R.S.E., referred to above, the book does not discuss Watson's relations with Gordon and the riots of 1780. In fact, it cannot be ascertained from the book that Watson was Gordon's secretary during the riots or that he was in London at that time.

And yet Watson's statement, made in the Thames Street bar parlour so shortly before his death, is not without significance. The year 1795, when Gordon had been dead two years, may have been late enough for much of the misty material in Watson's book to appear without danger of contradiction, but too early for the author to have safely hinted at a connexion with Gordon and the riots which may yet have existed. Was there an element of truth in this statement also, and is it possible that it is the sole remaining trace of that "foreign" intervention in the riots which was commonly rumoured at the time and even surmised by the Attorney General at Gordon's trial, when he mentioned (without offering any proof) "the machinations of our

inveterate enemies " ? Our " inveterate enemies " at the time included the American colonists, in whose service Watson apparently was. Did the dying man, in this last conversation with the innkeeper, disclose, though in barest outline, a connexion of American Intelligence with the riots ? Far-fetched though the suggestion may appear to-day, it would have seemed likely enough at a time when the City of London, including that year's egregious Lord Mayor, was known to be as antagonistic to the British Government as it was well disposed to its former good customers, the American " insurgents." There was money behind the riots far in excess of the amounts provided by the subscriptions at which Dickens pokes fun in *Barnaby Rudge* ; a large sum was, for instance, paid for cockades supplied to and worn by the rioters.* We see Watson momentarily, not indeed as secretary, but as something every bit as deeply involved and cunning.

III.

Watson appears to have been all his long life an adventurer and spy, and to that extent would have been undoubtedly an admirable model for Dickens's " Gashford." The oil painting of him is by Vogel von Vogelstein, an artist who does not appear always to have got the best of their conversational exchanges during the sittings in Rome. Watson told him, for instance, and the German apparently believed, that " when living in London, he had hopes of becoming secretary to the newly appointed Lord Governor of India "—whether on account of his experience in colonial wars is not stated.

It is clear that the innocuous Fisher, who could not even be held in custody though his name appeared with Gordon's on the Protestant Association's manifestos, is a very poor substitute for a wicked and scheming Gashford. Yet it is equally evident that the riots would not have materialised as they did without some such scheming as Gashford's in the pages of *Barnaby Rudge*. Realisation of this fact leads us to reconsider the character of Lord George Gordon. What manner of man was this Duke's son, who in his short life caused so much trouble and who perished so miserably ? Sir Nathaniel Wraxall wrote :

> I knew Lord George Gordon well, and I once accompanied him in his own coach from a party where we met in Lower Grosvenor Street, at the late Lord Elcho's, to Ranelagh, in the summer of 1782 [*i.e.* one year after Gordon's trial and acquittal on the charge of high treason.] In his person he was thin, his features regular and his complexion pale. His manners were gentle, his conversation agreeable, and he had the appearance as well as the deportment of a man of quality. There was, however, something in his cast of countenance and mode of expression that indicated cunning, or a perverted understanding, or both. His whole income consisted, I believe, in an annuity of six hundred pounds a year, paid him by the Duke of Gordon, his brother.

In 1772, when he was 21 years old and serving as lieutenant in the Navy, Gordon applied in person to Lord Sandwich, First Lord of the Admiralty, for promotion. On being told that others senior to him could not be passed over, but that he would receive early consideration, he told the First Lord that he would no longer be deceived by empty, unmeaning promises, and with the utmost deliberation took his commission out of his pocket, and handed it to Lord Sandwich, telling him he might do what he liked with it. Was it a mere coincidence that Lord Sandwich had as narrow an escape as anybody of being lynched later on by Gordon's mob at Westminster ?

Gordon then entered politics, in which he immediately distinguished

* The cockades were stated to have been made by Washington & Wharton, milliners, of 100 Salisbury Court, Fleet Street, at a cost of £2,500.

himself by bidding fair to deprive General Fraser of his safe seat in Inverness-shire :

" He visited every part of the county," says an account published in 1780. " He played on the bagpipes and violin to those that loved music. He spoke Gaelic and wore the tartan plaid and philabeg in places where they were national. He gave a ball at Inverness to which he brought the young and old from every part of the county. He hired a ship and brought from the Isle of Skye the beautiful family of MacLeods, consisting of fifteen young ladies, the pride and admiration of the North."

The alarmed general offered to purchase a seat for his versatile opponent, and ultimately Lord George entered the House of Commons in 1774 as one of the two members for Ludgershall in Wiltshire, the pocket borough belonging to George Augustus Selwyn. Gordon was a " boon companion." William Hickey recalls him in his Memoirs as being in 1776 " a gay, volatile and elegant young gentleman of engaging manners " and as " sacrificing freely at the shrine of Bacchus." This accords with another view, that of Mrs. Elizabeth Montagu, who wrote that in referring to the Archbishop of Canterbury as the W—. of Babylon Gordon was very uncivil, as " it is the only w—. his Lordship dislikes." Hannah More described him as a man of loose morals ; Horace Walpole said he was " very debauched." Sir Samuel Romilly charitably thought he was " endowed with a spirit of enthusiasm and with the most determined resolution." Lady Sarah Lennox had remarked earlier on ; " I hear Lord George is wonderfully clever but wrong-headed." His contemporaries had a superficial habit of calling him a madman, but Wraxall, writing soberly in after years, expressed the view that, " nothing in his conduct could possibly subject him to be considered as insane."

An interesting account of Gordon is given by a contemporary German authoress of note, Frau Sophie von la Roche—the first, if not the best, woman novelist in Germany. She was 56 years of age in 1786 when she came to London and met Gordon ; she found him " a tall, emaciated man dressed in black, with fair, closely-cropped hair, a pale face and strangely expressive dull blue eyes," a man " whose fame was both tragic and ridiculous." At a second meeting, a dinner party, Gordon questioned Frau Sophie " a great deal concerning Mendelssohn, and spoke very highly of the principles of the Jewish religion."

She asked Gordon whether he liked the Minister Pitt. " No," he answered to this question. " Why ? " No reply. " What about Fox ? " " Sometimes."

At dinner, Gordon spoke excitedly but he calmed down afterwards and asked the German visitor what she thought of him. Frau von La Roche replied with vigour : " I am amazed that you, with your gentle mien, could be responsible for the death of so many hundreds of London's inhabitants, and for bringing misfortune to hundreds of others." And to this he replied, with a tone and expression of deep grief : " Ah ! madam, that was not my fault, nor was it my intention ; but when the English mob is once roused to ire it can no longer be restrained."

" But, my lord, a noble Englishman with knowledge of the mob-mind, and a love of religion, should not release so unruly a spirit in rebellion."

" He listened kindly and quietly to me " (Frau Sophie wrote in her diary), " pressed my hand, smiling meanwhile, and said : ' I like you, madam, for your frankness. You will not hear any more of this kind of thing about me. Only stay in London long enough to get to know both great and small, and you will change your opinion.' "

Frau Sophie smiled too as she replied : " I imagine I should find my observation of great men in Germany confirmed -namely, that their pride does double injury to their intellect, for it does not prevent their

taking wrong turnings, nor afterwards allow them to retrace their steps."

This talented and amiable German authoress has bequeathed to posterity in her Diary (part of which has been published in translation —*Sophie in London, 1786*; Cape, 1933) an account, possibly the only one extant, of a meal eaten by Gordon; and on the principle of Brillat-Savarin's well-known dictum: "Tell me what you eat and I will tell you what you are" this is not without interest. At the meal in question, a luncheon, there were placed on the table stewed lamb, macaroni, fresh young codling, steamed cabbage, pork, a large fish, mussels, roast veal, a huge loin chop, potatoes in thick brown sauce, salad and pastries and "*a heap of cress*" (italics ours) "which Gordon ate sprinkled with salt and nothing else." From this it seems doubtful whether Gordon only ate cress or only used salt; but people of extreme political views are often notorious for their modest personal requirements; and at least one other person at table (none other than the famous empiric Cagliostro, who was in fact the host at the luncheon) was not observed to eat "anything but macaroni." The "costliest wines" were served. Cress, salt and costly wines would go far to explain Gordon.

At the time of his conversation with Frau Sophie, Gordon had already published the libels on the Queen of France, Marie Antoinette, for which, in the following year he was tried and committed to Newgate, where he died of jail fever five years later.

Yet another contemporary if hack view of Gordon—and one so much more like the Gordon of *Barnaby Rudge* that it seems likely Dickens may have seen it—is contained in the 120 pp. pamphlet, "*Fanaticism and Treason; or a dispassionate History of the rise, progress and suppression of the Rebellious Insurrection in June* 1780," published the same year. One of the Protestant Association's meetings, states the pamphlet, had been postponed on account of the death of Lord George's mother.

> "On the day of the meeting, the [dowager] Duchess of Gordon had not been dead but one short week. [She died on December 10, 1779.] The room, though large, was considerably too small for the assembly. There did not appear to be a single individual among them who bore the appearance of anything like a gentleman. The business of the meeting was to agree on the terms of a petition to Parliament, to open a subscription list, and to appoint a deputation who should wait on Lord North to request his support. *The hair of the President, lank, without curl or powder, in the precise form of antient puritans, his mild, quiet, calm tone of voice* (for that evening at least) his deep mourning—an artful glance at the cause of it in the few words his lordship said; all these circumstances could not fail to affect such a meeting."

Taken with the other pen-portraits, this is not without its suggestion of a hypocrite quite ready to exploit his bereavement before such an audience. The reference to the appearance of his listeners is significant; things had not greatly changed since Daniel Defoe wrote (in his *The Behaviour of Servants*) that he believed there were "ten thousand stout fellows that would spend the last drop of their blood against Popery that do not know whether it be a man or a horse."

IV.

Though this was sufficiently evident to Dickens, it remains a fact that when he wrote *Barnaby Rudge* the veil obscuring the true character of the riots and their instigators had not been lifted as it has been lifted partially since by the publication of memoirs and correspondence and the study of official records. We now know sufficient to be compelled to dismiss on the one hand the notion favoured by Forster that Gordon was a mere madman, and on the other Dickens's more generous conclusion that he was a weak and well-meaning fool. He was in

fact a fanatic and revolutionary, who only failed to do more serious harm because of his peculiar temperamental weaknesses. His speeches in the House of Commons were menacing as well as outrageous—and it must be remembered that the Commons in those days was, if anything, less representative of the people than the King himself, and far less useful. Gordon loved to pose as the leader of armies of victims and malcontents. Shortly before the Protestant Association's monster petition was presented, he had pointed with scorn at a petition which was being unrolled on the floor of the House. "What is all this?" he cried. "With a deal of pulling, the petition seems to extend from your Chair, Mr. Speaker, to the door of the House. In a few days, sir, I shall present you the petition of the Protestant Association. *It will extend, sir, from your Chair to a window in Whitehall that kings should often think of.*" Quotations of similarly tub-thumping utterances could be multiplied. Gordon was always dangling the fate of the Stuart House before the preoccupied eyes of George III, and it says much for that truly Protestant monarch's forbearance that he consented to receive him in audience right up to the hectic days of the riots, when a last cunning attempt by Gordon to divest himself of his responsibility for the disorders was gently but firmly defeated.*

As regards *Barnaby Rudge*, the most picturesque and idyllic of all Dickens's works, the fact appears to be that Dickens, faced with the dilemma of accounting for the growth and organisation of the riots, granted his version of Gordon's character, invented a character to do what we now partially know and wholly suspect to have been done by Gordon himself. Gordon was his own Gashford. What could be more like Gashford, to take only one instance, than Gordon's insidious "Well, well" in the lobby of the House on the fatal Friday, June 2nd, when the unsavoury mob beleagured the Houses of Parliament? This was disclosed during Gordon's trial for treason, when John Cater, a member of Parliament, stated in evidence that after the crowd in the lobby had chanted in chorus their threatening "Now, now, now!" Gordon *leaned over* the rail of the balcony and said (one can almost hear him whisper): "Would not you wish to be in the same state as they are in Scotland?" The answer was "Yes, yes!" followed by Gordon's "*Well, well.*"

It is a testimony to Dickens's careful study of the background of the riots, in so far as the facts of that mysterious affair had become known in his day, that he does not overlook in *Barnaby* the part played by "certain successful disturbances, arising out of the same subject, which had occurred in Scotland in the previous year" (ch. xxxvii).† The facts about the very grave disorders in Scotland which preceded those in England were hushed up at the time and largely suppressed at Gordon's trial. Defending counsel tried to suppress them altogether, and their efforts were seconded by the Scottish witnesses called by the Prosecution, all of whom were obviously afraid to say anything about them. Dire threats had been uttered as to their fate on return to Scotland if anything happened to Gordon in his secret rôle as apostle and apologist of successful riot. The whole explanation of Gordon's part in the London riots is to be found in his hope for a repetition in England of the official surrender in Scotland. He would then have emerged in his true character as a dangerous political fanatic and revolutionary, with consequences that might well have been incalculable. Certainly *Barnaby Rudge* would not have been written in the form in which we know and love that great work of history and fiction.

* *Cf.* "The Trial of George Gordon," *The Dickensian*, 1946, p. 18.

† Organised and violent rioting occurred in Edinburgh on February 1 and in Glasgow on February 3, 1779. Much Catholic property was destroyed. The riots were ended by a proclamation of the Provost and magistrates that the proposal to extend the provisions of the Catholic Relief Act to Scotland had been "totally laid aside."

THE CITY OF THE ABSENT

By GWEN MAJOR

I.

"SUCH strange churchyards hide in the City of London; churchyards sometimes so entirely detached from churches, always so pressed upon by houses; so small, so rank, so silent, so forgotten . . . . ." So wrote the Uncommercial Traveller in 1866.

Before the War we could have said the same, except that all were not "rank" but often bright, green, flowery and restful. Why, then, did the Uncommercial find them so neglected?

In trying to see the London of eighty to a hundred years ago, not in general terms but really to visualise it, one has to remember the many changes which have since been made.

First, with regard to churchyards. In the early 1830's an agitation was afoot to close all those within towns and especially congested towns such as the City of London. A Royal Commission was appointed to examine the question in 1842 and public interest grew. It was a common topic in the press between 1850 and 1855, and *Household Words*, on December 14th, 1850, published a doggerel rhyme called "City Graves" enlarging upon the neglected, pestilential state of old graveyards. Dickens dealt with the subject in *Bleak House* (1853). Finally, from 1853, churchyards in congested areas began to be closed against further burials, and if their pestilential condition died down, their state of neglect increased.

This is what lies behind the Uncommercial's rueful comments when he writes of them in *The City of the Absent* in 1866. By the '90's however, many churchyards had become cared for, provided with seats and often turned into gardens. Such a one was that of All-Hallows-on-the-Wall, London Wall. I can remember before the War many pretty, green, old-world churchyards in the City (some bereft of their churches by the Great Fire of London in 1666) in which it was most pleasant to sit and rest, letting the world rumble by, often as it seemed, far from their comparative seclusion.

As for thoroughfares, newly constructed or widened roads have done much to change the face of the old London of Dickens's day, and to banish the once so numerous burial places. King William Street, constructed in 1829, and Queen Victoria Street, opened in 1871 (five years after the *Uncommercial Traveller* was published) cut across or decapitated twisting narrow lanes which had trailed downhill from St. Paul's, Cheapside and Cornhill. The junction formed by Queen Victoria Street crossing Cannon Street in particular caused a tremendous amount of demolition and change, begun in 1853-4 by the extension of Cannon Street westwards from the present Cannon Street Station, while the building of that station in 1865-6 (when the *Uncommercial Traveller* was being written) resulted in another big clearance to its south. And this only deals with one area of London, but that on which I think the Uncommercial chiefly dwelt in *The City Churches* and *The City of the Absent*.

In Dickens's books one reads of clerks who walked to the City from homes in Pentonville, Camden Town, Walworth and so on—and office hours then often stretched from 8, or at best 9 a.m. to 8 p.m.! With the extension of road and rail services the exodus of City dwellers gathered pace and now those left to sleep in the City consist almost entirely of caretakers. So "the discoloured tiled roofs of the environing buildings" (round the churchyards) and "old crazy stacks of chimneys" which "seem to look down as they overhang" (those yards) "dubiously calculating how far they will have to fall," were swept away in time and replaced by more warehouses or offices, while fine

old Wren mansions were converted to the same uses, the large majority between the two Wars having changed into the huge buildings we now see. Skylines (low enough less than a hundred years ago to allow Wren's steeples to be seen more easily) shot up heavenwards, again quite altering the face of the City.

All this, concurrently with the cessation of burials in the City, caused a shutting-in of churchyards, often a levelling of graves, removal of stones from the upright to the flat for paving stones or to be laid back against walls and railings, a gravelling over and so on, which leaves little as it was in Dickens's earlier days, or even as the Uncommercial saw it in 1866.

With the citizens' conscience awakened by the first stages of cleaning up, interiors of churches began to feel the heavy hand of the "restorer" and while a few benefited, many suffered. From 1871 the movement gathered momentum, sometimes sweeping off whole churches in its wake, so that between then and the years between the two Great Wars, we lost 21 out of the 53 which had either been rebuilt after the Great Fire or had escaped that catastrophe.

Strange indeed it is to find, therefore, that we may still see buildings which not only escaped the Great Fire, old even then, but which survived so many attacks by bombs and incendiaries in the last War. Strange, too, that one may yet see many a lane and corner which has so far escaped serious alteration, and some fragments of the burial places of all sorts and conditions of old Londoners. Where bombing and demolition spared these churchyards, however, neglect has played serious havoc. Not unnaturally, the worst sufferers have been those little churchyards which stood alone, having for the most part lost their churches in the Great Fire.

II.

Can one hope, therefore, to identify those churchyards so whimsically, so elusively described by the Uncommercial? Perhaps but few. Nevertheless, no Londoner can read *The City of the Absent* without feeling himself in the old London of which much remained up to the recent war, even if he can not put his finger on exact spots, and little as he could have used the same fancies to describe them. Where we can trace them we can easily conjure up the scene, "for they tell of what once upon a time was life undoubtedly."

Even in Dickens's day, the dead he pondered on had been so long dead, he could forget to be sad for them and linked their resting place with the living in a gentle fun which loses nothing with the years. Who else, for instance, would have thought of the "Lombardy Poplar or Plane Tree" having once been "a drysalter's daughter and several common council men"? The Uncommercial must have been gazing through the railings of ST. SWITHIN'S churchyard when this idea occurred to him. It stood to the north-west of the church, detached from it, and south of the gardens of the Salters' Hall which still stands to the north of the now ruined St. Swithin's. There is no other Company concerned with salting in the whole City. Or he may have been gazing through the rails of the churchyard by ST. EDMUND KING AND MARTYR since the Salters—for some reason obscure to me—owned that bit of sacred ground and probably used it.

"One of my best beloved churchyards," the Uncommercial said he called "Saint Ghastly Grim," "that small, small churchyard," and we all know he meant ST. OLAVE, Hart Street*. He tells an amusing story of going to see it in a storm. I wonder if any echo of the past came to him if he heard, as one could before this Church was bombed, the solitary bell which so worried Pepys in its tolling for those who

* See page 114.

died in the Plague, while he worked hurriedly in his room hard by, eager to be gone again a little out of London.

"Sometimes," the Uncommercial said, "the queer Hall of some queer Company gives upon a churchyard such as this . . . ." and I wonder if he were thinking of the Yard of ALL HALLOWS STAINING, Mark Lane, upon which the Clothworkers' Hall backed (before it was bombed away), yes, and where Scrooge thought he lay buried, or so some of us believe. Or more likely, the Yard of ST. MICHAEL PATERNOSTER ROYAL, College Hill (now being repaired) on to which the Skinners' Hall backed together with the Chandlers' Hall on its north and the Dyers' on its south side. The Skinners' dining-hall was rebuilt in 1847-50 and he may have had this in mind when he said you could "hear them (if you are looking in through the iron rails, which you never are when I am) toasting their own Worshipful prosperity." Again, ST. VEDAST, Foster Lane, may have been in his mind for the Saddlers' Hall "gave" on to that, until the Blitz took it, with almost all but the main walls of the church.

"Sometimes, a wholesale house of business, requiring much room for stowage, will occupy one or two or even all three sides of the enclosing space, and the backs of bales of goods will lumber up the windows, as if they were holding some crowded trade meeting of themselves within." Only too true was this of many. The Yards of ST. MILDRED'S (destroyed by the Raids) and ALL HALLOWS (destroyed 1876) in Bread Street, ST. ALBANS (blitzed) and ST. MICHAELS (destroyed 1894) of Wood Street, picked at random from the areas of "soft goods" warehouses, ST. MARY ALDERMARY when Bow Lane went right past her, HOLY TRINITY-THE-LESS once on the site of the Mansion House Station, and especially those in the whole length of Upper and Lower Thames Street to name but a few, must all have felt this pressure bulging at them from surrounding warehouse windows.

III.

And what of that City churchyard where he "beheld an old old man and an old old woman . . . . . making hay"? "It was a very confined patch of churchyard lying between Gracechurch Street and the Tower, capable of yielding, say, an apronful of hay." ST. DIONIS BACKCHURCH, not destroyed till 1878, or even ST. KATHERINE COLEMAN (destroyed 1926) both of Fenchurch Street, could have fitted this description, the first in particular having stood in a very "confined patch." But a churchyard which seems to answer the description even more faithfully can be seen now, that of ST. MARY-AT-HILL between Thames Street and Eastcheap. Business premises back right on to its east end as also on the north, but here the pathway intervenes. Of both these it could have happened that "no open window was within view; no window at all was within view, sufficiently near the ground to have enabled their old legs to descend from it." Sure enough, those windows in the wall forming the east end are too high, those on ground level being, apparently, tiny cupboard or cellar windows. ". . . . . the rusty churchyard gate was locked, the mouldy church was locked." (But I cannot see why the old old man should not have had the key in his pocket !) All fits very well, except that now the Yard is paved over. How easily the Uncommercial could have wandered round by the little path and yet not have been noticed one can still see, even to the chance of "waking the echoes" as he coughed, walled in as it is. I like the "pastorally-loving" couple, and the "hay on the old woman's bonnet as if the old man had recently been playful."

The " City churchyard of similar cramped dimensions " in which a different love scene took place, between two Charity children, may have occurred at ST. MICHAEL PATERNOSTER ROYAL (now being repaired) for its yard was easily observed from the pavement and, with its church, adjoined the Mercers' (and Dick Whittington's) School which was adapted and used as such by the Mercers' Company from 1832-94. That the children had charge of the cleaning of the church seems to imply that it was close or next to their school. Also it seems best to fit the idea of the children going out from the church to the yard while the Uncommercial and the " Monster " went round to it outside and met Joseph and Celia " who presently came towards us in the churchyard, bending under dusty matting, a picture of thriving and unconscious industry." Sweet Celia and oh, bold Joseph, so unmindful of your ill-assorted clothes as you " gave and received a chaste salute " over the " once divided now united rolls " of matting from the church, how pleasantly the Uncommercial makes your youth bloom in that " leaden churchyard."

This episode might have been enacted by children from any of the several Charity Schools then existing in London, of course. The Merchant Taylors' School was in Suffolk Lane until 1873 (although I am not sure if girls were taken then) and the church in question would have been ALL HALLOWS THE GREAT (destroyed 1893) or ST. MARY ABCHURCH, Abchurch Lane ; or the Ward School in Swan Lane, when ST. MAGNUS, London Bridge, would have been involved perhaps ; or that in Sermon Lane, whose Parish Church was ST. MARY MAGDALEN (destroyed 1886) ; or even the Ward School in St. Mary Axe, leased from the Rector and Wardens of ST. ANDREW UNDERSHAFT in 1849 and used as the Church of England Charity School. But still I think St. Michael Paternoster Royal was the scene of this episode.

IV.

Although the Uncommercial begins by speaking of churchyards " detached from churches," the incidents he records appear to have been connected with those still possessing their churches. Many of those " detached " (which had for the most part lost their churches in the Great Fire) were remote from the widened or newly-formed thoroughfares and so escaped demolition. Therefore until the last War we could look on the exact places over which he had undoubtedly pondered.

There was the tiny churchyard of ST. OLAVE, Silver Street, almost gone now, by which Shakespeare must constantly have passed on his way to the Mermaid or Bankside, since he lived almost opposite. Nearby, in Oat Lane, was that of ST. MARY STAINING, also nearly obliterated now, whose church had been " Destroyed by the dreadfull Fire of 1666 " as I remember the wording ran on the old square stone in the brick wall, a bright little yard full of flowering life, anything but sad. It was a quiet little corner altogether, approached by Noble Street or Staining Lane between which ran Lillypot (once Lillyput) Lane, old world and all incredibly tiny, as one may yet trace in the flag stones. I had the feeling that Mr. Mould lived by this churchyard " small and shady," though maybe the " drowsy hum . . . . . suggesting . . . . . a stoppage in Cheapside " may have been too far off. Not so the yards of ST. PANCRAS and ST. BENET SHEREHOG, both in Pancras Lane, still existing, and but the depth of a house or so distant from Cheapside, not to speak of an alley leading into it. The churchyard of ST. OLAVE, Ironmonger Lane, is still a green spot. Another of these solitaries is ST. PETER, Wood Street, (still intact) and a

most forbidding one is the now-paved yard of ST. BOTOLPH, at the Thames Street end of that Lane. A dear little corner was that of ST. MARTIN VINTRY (smashed nearly beyond recognition now) which I think played its part in *The City Churches*, and another, only suffering from neglect, is ST. LAWRENCE POUNTNEY, in that Lane, while ALL-HALLOWS-THE-LESS, Thames Street, may have been one of those surrounded by bulging warehouse windows, but is scarcely traceable now from surrounding rubble. Before Cannon Street Station was built on its site in 1865-6, the queer little yard of ST. MARY BOTHAW (destroyed in the Great Fire) lay on either side of Turnwheel Lane, also absorbed by the Station, and could anything have been more pastoral in London ? Another just by it, that of St. JOHN THE BAPTIST, stood at the corner bounded by Cloak Lane and Dowgate Hill, now built over. One could go on guessing but space forbids.

The Uncommercial awakens memories of little things often overlooked but which belong so much to the quiet churchyards and their alleyways : the sparrows, the caged birds in some adjoining court which " scenting the tree " try to " break out, and see leaves again before they die," the scant light within churches which by accident is pierced by the " westering sun," and " a window that I thought was only dirty . . . . . for the moment all bejewelled," the rusty vane lit momentarily by the same light, " new burnished and seeming to look out with a joyful flush over the sea of smoke at the distant shore of country," " if there be room enough for me to fall back so far as that I can gaze up . . . . . " It is delightful even now to stand looking up to St. Dunstan-in-the-East on a June evening, seeing the setting sun in the young leaves of the tall trees among which the sparrows twitter, the beautiful tower in the strong light and shade, piercing the evening sky, so that one forgets the damage below.

The Uncommercial speaks once of a " Volunteering Saturday evening " ; the City Bands often used sufficiently large and cleared churchyards for their exercises. The one-time additional burying ground of ST. BRIDE'S, Fleet Street, situated in Farringdon Street was so used, and so was that of ST. GILES, Cripplegate.

But the " Blinking old men who are let out of workhouses," and sit on the coping stones and " the more depressed class of beggars " who " bring hither broken meats," no longer haunt these churchyards, nor even meditative turncocks in charge of fire-plugs, or fire-ladders, reminding us of the primitive methods of dealing with fire less than eighty years ago. Nor are there any poultry left to " peck at my forefathers."

What has not changed in essentials is the quiet the Uncommercial observed to come over the City with the weekend. Here is a final paragraph on idle things, ending with a very sober thought.

The City worker is different perhaps, and yet, is he ? Young men are less likely to inscribe variations of AMELIA on their blotting pads than to drone meaningless words in monotonous syncopation, which may mean the same in the long run. The men who wait for " the men who never come " have different haunts, but the same ways. Who can help wondering where the still strange people go to at the weekends ? Even now one may occasionally see a figure, obviously in the late 80's, of a particular but old-fashioned dress, going late to his place of business or leaving early, a " character," in whom one sees at once, however gently expressed, a determination to live on and not let go. Such a one I knew of was over 90, going daily to the bank of which he was a director. Another of like age I caught boarding a trolley bus at Smithfield, as he had been doing daily all through the Blitz he told me. Where do these men dwell who have managed to outlive their day ? Garraways

means now the Stock Exchange or other haunts of merchants, but the old mysteries of the banks of "mighty Lombard Street" and their still "locomotive" clerks remain for the uninitiated lonely wanderer on Sundays. Glyns, although merged, are still transacting business and on No. 1, Lombard Street, one may still see an old, old brass plate, always bright, and faintly trace "Smith, Payne and Smith."

Destruction and rebuilding go on; some of the "Absent" come back on Mondays and many lie in the forgotten corners of our old City churchyards.

DICKENS COMMEMORATION SERMON

THE first Annual Dickens Commemorative Service at Southwark Cathedral was held on Sunday, February 8th, in the presence of the Mayor and Mayoress of Southwark and a large congregation including many members of the Dickens Fellowship. The sermon was preached by the Rev. Colin Cuttell:

Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me. Matt. 25. 40.

ON the 7th February, 1812, was born the greatest delineator of character in the whole range of English literature: Charles Dickens. It is a commonplace that we honour his memory to-day as much for what he has done for the betterment of our common humanity as for the inspired writings themselves. More than any author in the English tongue he knew the life of the humble poor, the ways and thoughts of the people of the courts and alleys. He had shared with them the terror of poverty, the reality of hunger and the dread of the pauper's end in workhouse or debtor's prison. Few authors, excepting perhaps Joseph Conrad and W. H. Davies, have learned their art so effectively in the hard school of experience, for at an age when most boys are acquiring an education he was thrown out upon a world unbelievably tough, and suffered exquisitely in his particularly sensitive soul the worst that world could do to him. The whole world now knows, in a score of languages, how, out of the almost insupportable agony of childhood and adolescence came those unique descriptive powers, that rare sense not only of the tragedy of life, but also of its humour, its dignity and its brotherhood in adversity. In the midst of grinding poverty among the submerged masses south of the river, he learned the truth that "*misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows,*" and studied first-hand the even stranger alliance of tragedy and comedy. It is not hard to understand how this great man could move an audience to tears with the one and rouse it to uproarious laughter with the other, all in the same reading. I have known only one Dickens book well—the *Pickwick Papers*. As a youngster, and well into my teens, it was my bedside companion, and the bedclothes heaved with the heavenly delight of a boy following the antics of the uproarious oddities found in the pages of *Pickwick*. The characters, even the slightly overdrawn ones, are *real* people, real to the author who created them, and real to the reader, and they are real *because* they are largely drawn from his own intimate experience of all sorts and conditions of men; from his understanding of human nature at its best and at its worst. In and through all his portrayals he preaches the Gospel of brotherly love more effectively than many an ordained minister, for he had seen that Gospel lived and expounded among the least of the brethren in the back streets of a great metropolis, even as he had seen it denied among the mighty and the rich. Was it Mark Twain who said: "*God must like ordinary people: He made so many of them.*" The writer's tender philosophy is admirably summed up when he writes in *The Chimes*, "Give us, in mercy, better homes when we're

a-lyin' in our cradles ; give us kinder laws to bring us back when we're a-goin' wrong."

So then, Dickens's old school, of which he was a distinguished graduate, was the school of life. In that school (to quote the words of Shakespeare, his illustrious prototype) he learned to be "*the great observer who looks quite through the deeds of men.*" Hence his skill in character-study ; in the creation of matchless word-pictures which (without the smallest trace of either condescension or patronage) depict for us common men and women in all their inexhaustible and infinite variety, each a distinct personality ; each one with its inevitable light and shadow, its capacity for good and evil shown side by side. They are the ordinary people, the small people, *not* the great, *not* the successful. Yet they are all supremely *alive*, the Cratchits, the Tootses, the Wellers, the Kenwigses, the Micawbers, come crowding in upon the Dickens canvas. "Blessed are the poor," echoes Dickens with every stroke of his inspired pen, "Blessed are the shrewd, self-reliant, humorous kindly poor." These Christ loved and for these He died. Christ died too for those less reliant, less kindly and less lovable ; a Sawyer, and an Allen, drunken, dirty and shiftless as they are. He died for the rather futile and helpless souls like Toots and for a Fagin (there was never more than *one* of him) so pathetic and so patient, even in his villainy. These, too, are living persons ; souls adrift, yet lovable to the point where the reader finds compassionate feeling overcoming the sense of moral repugnance which the author intends they should inspire. Indeed, there is more than a trace of Christ's tender regard for the lost sheep in Dickens's deep feeling for human flotsam and jetsam, inspiring gentleness towards even the waster and the ne'er-do-well. These pictures of failure are never unkind. But whether good or bad, Dickens writes *characters*, not novels ; he puts *people* before plots.

The early nineteenth century, as we have seen, was no Utopia for ordinary people ; certainly not for ordinary humble people in trouble. The main function of the Law appeared to be to make hell and damnation a certainty for those who had congenital difficulty in steering clear of its long arm. In this righteous function, more often than not, the Established Church could be counted upon to aid and abet. Comfortable burghers with their well-nourished families about them in the box-pew were quite sure the Almighty had permanently ordained "the rich man in his castle, the poor man at his gate" ; they never doubted that a wise and beneficent Providence had placed the poor in the unspeakable slums of the city of London in order that they, the rich, might buy their way to heaven by works of charity. Against this sort of cant, which spoke of the "duties" of the poor, the "place" of the poor and the "relief" of the poor as an essential part of the Divine Economy, Dickens directed a withering barrage of ridicule, and became the poor's acknowledged champion and emancipator. He was the supreme "debunker" of the false values and standards of his day, not by fiery outbursts of righteous indignation (though of this he was fully capable) but by exemplifying in a Bob Cratchit the truth of the Divine paradox : *blessed are the poor.* He makes us see how *unenviable* is the lot of the successful. Mr. Bounderby and Mr. Gradgrind ; how altogether *enviable* is the lot of little Bob Cratchit the clerk, in his threadbare coat and worn muffler, sliding home to his Christmas dinner, has hands blue with cold but his heart (the heart of a schoolboy, emancipated, free) warm with the spirit of the Season.

Truly *the common man is the child of the Gods* and how hardly do they which have riches enter the Kingdom of Heaven !

Dickens, of course, was the great prophet of the nineteenth century,

and this prophetic rôle he never forsook or denied to the end of his days. It has been well expressed by one biographer—thus :

> " Dickens was the super-Englishman preaching in English to the commonplace English—that life was thrilling and splendid and funny, that freedom was the one essential to happiness, that all cruelty was merely silly, that the simple and poor were more lovable than the learned and rich, that kindness was the greatest of all virtues, and humbug the worst of all sins."

Cant and Humbug are the twin enemies of Charles Dickens, but the greatest of these is humbug. Shakespeare's definition in Richard III is most apposite. He speaks of those *who clothed naked villainy with odd old ends stolen forth of holy writ.*

There are all kinds and sorts of humbugs among Dickens's character sketches, but they have all the one thing in common : *humbug !* Once again, the strongest weapon in his matchless armoury is ridicule ; stronger than the most eloquent flights of vitriolic diatribe. There is the Rev. Stiggins kind of humbug which trades upon the weakness and gullibility of old ladies ; there is the humbug of a Bumble, whom the novelist makes to appear a bigger ass than the Law that gentleman immortally derides ; the humbug of a Pecksniff, the sum total of all humbuggery, the very personification of all fraud (Pecksniff, as a matter of fact, fools nobody not even himself) ; and that supreme example of female humbug, Mrs. Gamp. Depend upon it, Dickens had met them all in real life ! Like our Lord, of whom I believe Charles Dickens was a conscious disciple, he was far harder on the humbug in his novels than on the seemingly congenital rogue and vagabond.

And the rogues of Dickens. There is scarcely one real scoundrel who is not redeemed by some contrasting virtue or virtues, however slight and latent and overlaid. We should say there was precious little evidence of any white discernible in the general blackness of the soul of a Bill Sikes, yet we must believe it was there somewhere, to evoke that precious and beautiful thing, the love of Nancy. It must have been costly to the sensitive soul of Charles Dickens to create that character—once again from real life. He would have been familiar with the dreadful scenes outside Newgate, and perhaps have echoed the words of the sixteenth century divine, John Bradford : " But for the Grace of God there goes Charles Dickens."

Yet though Dickens could make a laughing stock even of villainy, he himself harboured no illusions as to the reality and fearsomeness of evil, nor did he minimise the foul deeds perpetrated by men in whose character evil had become engrained. On this score, he proffers a realistic and pungent piece of advice in the *Tale of Two Cities* :

> " *I have known a vast quantity of nonsense about bad men not looking you in the face. Don't trust that conventional idea. Dishonesty will stare honesty out of countenance any day of the week if there is anything to be got by it.*"

The finest character studies in original sin for use in the season of Lent are to be had for the asking in the pages of Charles Dickens ; in the Ralph Nicklebys, Quilps and Chesters, and all the way down (or up ?) in the scale of human frailty. The Mantalinis and Micawbers may be overdrawn to heighten the effect (as some think) but they do undoubtedly bring into focus all humanity's weakness and folly, and temper the pharisaic attitude towards all the other degrees of sin and sinners. Dickens must surely have quoted Burns's famous quatrain on more than one occasion :

There is so much good in the worst of us
And so much bad in the best of us.
That it ill behoves any of us
To find fault with the rest of us.

Both Burns and Dickens no doubt claimed no less an authority than Christ Himself for this attitude towards sin: not a weak minimising of the offence, not a disguising of its nature and effect upon the character, but a humble acknowledgment that "*all* have sinned and fallen short of the glory of God."

In our Lord's day there were those who were confident of a place in Abraham's bosom by their strict observance of the minutiæ of the Law. To these He said: "*The publicans and harlots shall go into the Kingdom of Heaven before you.*" And to one who had nothing to offer excepting his sin, crying "*Lord, be merciful to me a sinner*"—Christ was ready in the instant to "welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve."

The works of Charles Dickens are instinct with this authentic Christian spirit. I made the discovery afresh during this past two weeks when for purposes of this address, and after years of neglect, I made a grand frontal assault on my Dickens collection. It has been a refreshing and reassuring experience. One other truth was brought home to me. He would subscribe whole-heartedly at the close of a crowded life which had its full measure of pain, disappointment and loss, to the truth expressed by Hamlet:

What a piece of work is man;
How noble in reason!
How infinite in faculty!
In form and moving how express and admirable!
In action how like an angel!
In apprehension how like a God!

What may we say is the message of Charles Dickens for this very different age, and more especially for us who profess and call ourselves Christians? Charles Dickens lived and died a fundamentally religious man and a Christian. Reading for the first time (shame on me!) the *Uncommercial Traveller*, I was deeply impressed by the intensity of his personal faith, and to note how kindly is his view of the Established Church and its ministry. Dickens is never unpractical. He pleads for a *Simple Gospel*, that gospel which we of the Church have so often overlaid with organisation, and arguments on the finer points of theology or procedure or ritual.

Outside the Church buildings and its Services, we must be prepared to go out into the highways and hedges and *compel* them—the least of His brethren—to come in, that God's House may be filled. "*Which is the better interest,*" writes Dickens, "*Christ's choice of twelve poor men to help in those merciful wonders among the poor and rejected, or the pious bullying of a whole unionful of paupers?*" Truth to tell, we have obscured the blessings and mercies of Christ under a fog of ecclesiastical injunction, precedent, law, preferment and deadening form. It is a matter of the most pressing urgency to-day that the Gospel of Christ, stripped of these impediments and shackles which we have hung about it, should be taken out to those grand, ordinary people everywhere; to the Wellers, the Tapleys, the Winkles, the Sawyers, the Crummels's—yes—and even the Raddles's and the Sairey Gamps, for they are still to be found in the back streets of South London—better housed, better clothed, better fed, doubtless—but with the same glorious potentialities and capacities and with the same great need of love and care for Christ's sake. Our Commission is to go out into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature, even to the least of these His brethren. This is the gospel of Charles Dickens.

UNCOLLECTED SPEECHES

XVI

The Royal Hospital for the Permanent Care and Comfort of Those Who by Disease, Accident or Deformity are Hopelessly Disqualified for the Duties of Life.

The following speech, delivered by Charles Dickens at the London Tavern on the occasion of the hospital's 2nd Annivefsary Dinner, 21st May, 1857, is reprinted, by permission, from the pamphlet dated 26th May, 1857, in the *Parrish Collection*, at the Princeton University Library. We are indebted to Prof. Edgar Johnson of New York, for the transcription. Dickens had also attended the Anniversary Dinner held at the London Tavern on 5th June, 1856.—Editor.

LADIES and Gentlemen, a few days ago I was called upon to fill up my proxy for the election of candidates to be admitted to the Royal Hospital—a Hospital established for the permanent care and comfort of those who by disease, accident, or deformity, are disqualified for the duties of life. Coming on that occasion to the perusal of the extended list of cases there set before me, I could not but feel—in common, I am sure, with many who are here—inexpressible pity for the vast number of persons who are in that forlorn condition. When I saw in that list no fewer than 121 cases, out of whom the subscribers to this Charity at the next election can elect but ten, I thought, with a kind of despair, not only of the 111 who must suffer by rejection, but of the great crowd of incurables dispersed about this country of whom this Society has never so much as heard, and who will never hear of it. Having that morning been busy about my own country rest and recreation, I could not but strongly feel the contrast between myself—then in the full enjoyment of health and the use of all my limbs—and that of so many of my fellow-creatures, until I was glad to put this list aside, and make my escape from the reflections to which it gave rise.

In one of my recent walks, I found myself in a pretty village in Surrey,* which I had indeed often proposed to visit before, but had only paved the dusty road with good intentions—as I am sorry to say I have paved a worse place with a great deal of the same material—but on this evening I really found myself at the place. I enquired of a labourer for a house I wanted, and he told me, "When you can't go any further, turn to your left, and there you'll see a house with some writing wrote on the outside, which they tell me is its name; but you'll know, because you can read and I can't read." At last I found it, and was shown into an agreeable sitting-room, which might be called a library. One sick man was lying on a sofa, and as soon as he saw me, he opened the conversation, doing, as it were, the honours of the place. We spoke of the usual topics, talked of the weather, of our common enemy, the late wind, and of the progress of the crops, in the most pleasant and agreeable manner. He told me that this spot was above the cross of St. Paul's—a fact of which he seemed excessively proud—and was altogether quite as cheerful as I was, or as I am. As I went upstairs, I got pleasant glimpses of the grounds, and of persons walking about in them, and met another sick man, quite as anxious for the arrival of dinner time as any of us in the London Tavern, and insisting that the cook's clock must be ten minutes slow. I went upstairs to another sitting-room, where were a number of sick women of various ages grouped about on sofas and chairs, engaged in various feminine tasks, and all talking and smiling as they went on. There was one poor paralytic young creature busy at her embroidery, delighted to have her work admired, and I could not help feeling great admiration that anything so orderly and straight could come out of a form so

* Carshalton. The Hospital is now established at Putney—Editor.

warped and afflicted. I very much doubt whether she was ever more contented in her whole life. Another woman, much older, having only a thumb and two fingers left to work with, was plodding away at her work, and very proud of what she was able to accomplish with such an imperfect complement of digits. She told me, that in her old healthy days she thought there was no greater pleasure than to sit and read all day, but that would not do now, and she had taken to this work for relief and comfort, and she had found relief and comfort here very much. One old lady, who said she had been awake all night, in great pain and trouble, was nevertheless wonderfully conversable and talkative. She said she was very comfortable on the whole; but had a certain tendency to revert to the subject of rheumatism (and no wonder). In another and smaller room there was an old lady who said she was seventy-five years of age, but she was determined to persevere—(laughter)—which I told her I thought was a capital thing to do. Two other young women, evidently enduring much bodily suffering, had a pleasant consciousness of good looks, and showed a desire to make the most of them. I declare to you that in all these people—and all the inmates of this house whom I saw—there was not only a hopefulness of manner, but a serenity of face, a cheerfulness and social habit that perfectly amazed me. And this was the Royal Hospital and these its incurable inmates.

Ladies and gentlemen, while I congratulated myself, as I need hardly tell you I did that morning most heartily, that this Institution was able to give so much relief to sufferers in such very hopeless cases, I must not deceive you as to the Royal Hospital itself. It is not by any means what it ought to be. Its present establishment is in a very inconvenient old house, by no means suitable, with rooms not half high enough, and not half ample enough. The beds are much too crowded together, and I say ventilation is exceedingly difficult. The furniture is excessively inadequate to the requirements of the establishment; and a great number of appliances are needed which healthy people would, perhaps, call mawkish, but are of the gravest importance in the presence of sickness. In one comprehensive word, it wants money; and for that money, ladies and gentlemen, in the name of Christian charity, I have undertaken to appeal to you. I cannot possibly make this appeal sufficiently strong for my own satisfaction; but if I only rested it on this one consideration, that there is no hospital in London or throughout England to which this Royal Hospital is not a natural and necessary adjunct, it would, I am sure, not be made in vain. The stronger the case for any of those excellent institutions which you may most favour, the stronger is this case. Every hospital knows what it is to be obliged to discharge incurable patients for whom it can do no more, and whom it cannot retain, and every member of the most generous and devoted of all professions—the medical profession—knows what it is to contemplate with pain the heartrending spectacle of those weary ones turning away from the friendly shelter of the infirmary, without any suitable resting-place, and in all probability to lay themselves down at the door of the poor-house. We know the goodness of the poor, and their readiness to help one another on all occasions. But if we do all we can to relieve them of the burden of incurable sufferers, we shall still leave them field enough for the exercise of their utmost virtues.

I will not distress you by imagining what must be the conditions of these unhappy sufferers, lodged in hot and crowded attics, or what must be the misery which their presence brings to others; I will only end, as I began, by referring you to the list of applicants for admission at the next election. We live in an age of elections—at one time or another we almost all apply to be elected into clubs for pleasure or

for profit—into great corporations, the House of Commons, and what not; and three-fourths of us associate our ambition with an election of some sort or other. Within how small a compass lies the ambition of these 121 applicants! If one of this number could but make an audible address to you here at this table, instead of me, how touchingly might he say, "Health has departed from us forever—our place in the struggle for bread has been filled up by others, and we have faintly dropped out of the course. Give us only a quiet home, where we may endure what yet we have to undergo, and where, by our patient manner and brightened faces, we may somewhat reward your kind interest on our behalf." Once they were busy and strong, but now they are hopelessly disqualified for the duties of life; let us discharge the first of these, and provide for them a resting-place, where they may be sheltered and cared for in their irremovable afflictions. I am sure we shall not reject their prayers, and that the time will come when this Hospital shall be nobly and bountifully endowed, so that no other qualification will be needed to ensure entrance within its walls but the presence of incurable disease. (Loud cheers.) I call upon you to drink prosperity to the Royal Hospital.

THE CASE OF *BARNABY RUDGE*

By A. M. LILLISHAW, M.Lit. (Oh)

CAN there be anything particularly wrong with *Barnaby Rudge*? It has always been one of my favourites among Dickens's books; not that that counts for much, as my favourite generally happens to be the actual book I am reading. But I have been asking myself why so many critics at various times from its first appearance to the present time condemn it. Some aver that "it is not quite Dickens"; others that it "so different from the general work of Dickens"; one that it displays "Dickens's inability to make skilful revelation of circumstances which, for the purpose of the story, he has left long concealed. Skill never came to him . . . he would have shewn the same inability in the unravelling of the mystery of Edwin Drood*"; another says that "Wilkie Collins looked on it as a poor book weakly put together, a verdict one must endorse"; another states that "*Barnaby Rudge* and *A Tale of Two Cities* are failures"; and so on and so on. And yet *Barnaby Rudge* still charms and claims many admirers.

So I determined to re-read the book to see if I could find out why its appeal has been so mixed; the result is that in my view it shews many signs of extreme care and trouble both in its plot and also in its literary style. Dickens probably never wrote more finely; the sentences are usually well balanced, the diction is natural and unstrained, the character-studies are excellent and in the case of the eccentrics not too extravagant, the various climaxes are reached naturally, while the picture of London in the late eighteenth century is convincing and graphic (Bernard Darwin rather patronisingly says it is "not too far from the truth").

The genesis of the book is well worth recalling, without delving into the financial circumstances about which so much has been written.

In 1836, following the success of the publication by Macrone of *Sketches by Boz*, Dickens was commissioned by Chapman and Hall to write the *Pickwick Papers*. The first number appeared in April, and

* This critic was George Gissing: I imagine he had in mind the machinations of Monks in *Oliver Twist*, the mystery of Smike in *Nicholas Nickleby*, the identity of the Single Gentleman in *The Old Curiosity Shop*, Mr. Boffins's pretended change of nature in *Our Mutual Friend*, Arthur Clennam's parentage in *Little Dorrit*, the revelation of Estella's father in *Great Expectations;* all these matters were held over till towards the end of the respective stories.

next month, in the flush of his sudden popularity, Dickens, eager for fresh laurels, agreed to write for Macrone before the end of the year a three-volume "book of fiction" to be called *Gabriel Vardon the Locksmith of London*. But during the year while *Pickwick* was running, he also published through Chapman and Hall *Sunday under Three Heads* in June, a comic burletta *The Strange Gentleman* in September, and through Bentley an operatic burletta *The Village Coquettes* in December (the production of this alone caused an immense amount of work for at least six months). And all this output must have been the product of his leisure hours, as he remained a parliamentary reporter till the end of the 1836 session; this occupation involved occasional reporting journeys into the provinces. He was also at work on *Oliver Twist*, which began as a serial in February, 1837, in *Bentley's Miscellany*, of which he became the first editor and for which he was writing the *Mudfog Papers*. No wonder he could not find time to start on *Gabriel Vardon*: indeed he wrote to Bentley and to Chapman and Hall to stop any advertisement in their publications with reference to its appearance.

During 1837 *Pickwick* was running monthly till November, *Oliver Twist* also monthly in *Bentley's*, and Dickens had as well the full-time occupation of editing the *Miscellany*. There was no time for *Gabriel Vardon*, but it was not forgotten, for he persuaded Macrone to cancel the agreement to publish it and persuaded Bentley to accept it but not to publish it for a year. He altered its name from *Gabriel Vardon* to *Barnaby Rudge*, but does not seem to have started to write the book, although he apparently decided to include some account of the Gordon Riots, for he paid a visit to Newgate,* and varied his original plans so as to concentrate on a study of a half-witted hero instead of on the hearty Gabriel.

When 1838 arrived *Oliver Twist* was still running monthly in the *Miscellany*, Dickens was still "thinking a great deal about *Barnaby Rudge*." But he started a new novel, *Nicholas Nickleby*, monthly, with Chapman and Hall, in April, and somehow found time to write *Sketches of Young Gentlemen*, "edited" the *Memoirs of Joseph Grimaldi*, the famous clown, and undertook to edit *The Pic-Nic Papers*, which however was not published till 1841, for the benefit of Macrone's widow. He now began to have new ideas about *Barnaby Rudge* and wished it to appear, not in monthly parts, but as a serial in *Bentley's Miscellany* in succession to *Oliver Twist*; he was also becoming more and more a public figure and had to give much time to this side of his many activities, so the novel continued to hang fire.

In 1839 *Nickleby* was appearing regularly each month, but Dickens did not feel able to tackle the new book, although he was accumulating material: he wrote to Forster: "It is no fiction to say that at present I *cannot* write this tale . . . for six months *Barnaby Rudge* stands over." Then he changed his mind again and wanted to drop the proposed serial publication of the book, especially as he had relinquished the editorship, and to publish it as a complete novel. Bentley consented to cancel the agreement and publication was transferred to Chapman and Hall. By September Dickens had written a portion of the book, as he tells Forster: "I have a good notion for *Barnaby*," and wrote to Cruikshank, "I am going forthwith tooth and nail." He was also contemplating "a new publication," a periodical to be issued weekly at threepence, and the remainder of the year was occupied in preparations for the new venture. This was *Master Humphrey's Clock*, and in February, 1840, he had in hand three numbers as well as "the first two chapters of *Barnaby*," which he sent to George Cattermole, who

* This could not have been his first visit as he had written a long account of Newgate for *Sketches by Boz* in 1835.

with Phiz was to illustrate the magazine as well as the novel. The *Clock* appeared in April and in the fourth number a little child-story called *The Old Curiosity Shop* was included; the "little tale" was so acceptable to Dickens's readers that it was expanded into a long romance, appearing weekly until February, 1841. Meanwhile, Dickens was turning over in his mind the course of the story of *Barnaby Rudge*, as extracts from his letters shew: "sat and thought all day . . ." and "extreme difficulty of fixing my thoughts on Barnaby . . ." Chapman and Hall now agreed to alter the form of publication from a monthly serial in ten parts, and consented that on the conclusion of *The Old Curiosity Shop*, *Barnaby Rudge* should appear in weekly instalments in *Master Humphrey's Clock*. The novel ran till November, when the *Clock* was allowed to run down and stopped for ever.

Such then was the tortuous history of this novel. Projected early in 1837, immediately after the commencement of *Pickwick* as a tale of fiction, it finally appeared in 1841 as an historical novel after *Oliver Twist*, *Nicholas Nickleby* and *The Old Curiosity Shop* had been completed.

My fresh study of the book reveals to me a certain lack of cohesion in its construction as an historical romance, and I think that perhaps this want of unity may have been due to its long period of gestation and the many changes of programme during its antenatal life. The early chapters, one-third of the book, tell a romantic story of domestic life, full of the real Dickensian qualities to which the Dickens-lover is well accustomed. Pass in review the various episodes: the Maypole and its customers, the Varden household and its dependents Sim Tappertit and Miggs, the poor home of Mrs. Rudge and Barnaby, the high comedy of the Prentice Knights and their extravagant ritual, the glitter and artificiality of John Chester; all are drawn with unerring judgment and graphic power. For thirty-two chapters the varying fortunes and adventures of the persons in the drama are pursued with practically no hint of the tremendous events that were preparing: the story of the love affairs of Dolly and Emma, the jealousy of Sim against Joe, the tantrums of Mrs. Varden, the ill-blood between Haredale and Chester; all might have been carried to their conclusions as if the Riots had never been heard of. But it was all prologue, for suddenly in the thirty-third chapter the story jumps forward, after the lapse of five years about which we know nothing, absolutely nothing, once more to the Maypole, and in the following chapter, three horsemen, in the most approved G. P. R. James manner, suddenly appear in the middle of a stormy night. Thenceforward the main concern of the story is the account of the Gordon Riots, with which the various characters in the prologue become entangled, for one cannot shut one's eyes to the fact that the story of the Riots as told by Dickens might quite well have been narrated without them. Moreover, we are introduced to an entirely new set of characters who oust our former favourites from their place of importance. The love interest of the romance is quite forgotten in the stirring episodes that fill the pages; in three of the chapters at the height of the Riots not one of them is mentioned.

My own feeling is that, as an historical novel, *Barnaby Rudge* is unsatisfactory; it is not really fiction and it is not really history. One can recognise the great ingenuity by which Dickens mingles the fortunes of his fictitious characters with those of the historical figures: the sacking of the Maypole, the burning of the Warren, the attempted compulsion of Varden's skill, the abduction of Dolly and Emma; all are managed with amazing dexterity. But, at the same time, Dickens's methods will not stand comparison with the best examples of historical novel writing. Think how Scott, the acknowledged prince of historical

novelists, Ainsworth in his long series of tales drawn from history, Thackeray in the *History of Henry Esmond*, Lytton in *The Last Days of Pompeii* or *The Last of the Barons*, all plunge at once into the story; even G. P. R. James's three horseman (sometimes two) appear in the first paragraph; they do not lack their fictitious persons, but the historical personages bear their full share of the drama. In *Barnaby Rudge* one feels that the book splits up into three divisions: first, the long Prologue of thirty-two chapters with its own interests, then forty-two chapters devoted to the Riots with which the fictitious persons get mixed up, and then when the Riots are over, an Epilogue of eight chapters in which the special characters introduced for the Riots disappear, the domestic affairs of those in the Prologue are picked up again, the characters are extricated from all their troubles, and matters are brought to a "happy ending" with virtue rewarded and the "punishment of wickedness and vice."

To sum up, I have a feeling that Dickens's first idea was probably a romantic story of his usual type, and that, later, he thought of the Gordon Riots and took immense pains to "get up" the necessary facts, decided to make Barnaby's otherwise harmless arrested mental development the centrepiece round which the whole plot should revolve, altered the title of the book, and proceeded to revise the early chapters with this in view. It seems to me that while this was doing he wanted time, and so put off the actual publication of the story. His letters shew this: "I have been thinking a great deal about *Barnaby Rudge*" (February, 1838); then: "For six months *Barnaby* must stand over" (January, 1839); and again: "I have a good notion for *Barnaby* of which more anon" (September, 1839); then later still: "Worked at *Barnaby* all day . . . not at racehorse speed, but yet as fast as under the circumstances could possibly be expected" (November, 1839); and, finally, to Chapman and Hall: "*Barnaby Rudge*, of which two chapters [of ten monthly numbers] are now in your hands" (July, 1840).

And during this long period of consideration and study, the writing of *Oliver Twist*, *Nicholas Nickleby* and the launching of *Master Humphrey's Clock* filled in the interval till *Barnaby Rudge* was ready.

That, as one of the critics has averred, it was "task work," was completed merely to save the breaking of contracts and that his heart was not in it, I refuse to believe; that would have been alien to all we know of Dickens and to his own golden rules "never to put *one* hand to anything on which I could throw my whole self" and "whatever I have tried to do in life I have tried with all my heart to do well." Moreover, his own testimony is, even during the progress of the tale: "I imaged forth a good deal of *Barnaby*" (January, 1841); "I build greatly on the Varden household" (February, 1841); ". . . wandering about in the evening searching for some pictures I wanted to build upon. . . . I have great designs in store" (March, 1841); ". . . progressing to a good strong interest" (July, 1841); "I am warming up very much about *Barnaby*" (July, 1841); culminating in, "I was always sure I could make a good thing of *Barnaby*" (August, 1841).

Finally, I think that, though some of the animadversions of unfavourable critics may have some justification, *Barnaby Rudge* is one of Dickens's best books. If one allows that a novelist should tell his story in his own way although it may not be in strict accordance with the canon, then *Barnaby Rudge* ranks high in its class. I know that this last of many, many readings of the book has yielded me more pleasure than any previous perusal. It contains passages of great beauty and others of great dramatic power that were never excelled in Dickens's later writings after years of experience, and it will not be long before I read it again.

NOTES ON THE *PICKWICK PAPERS*

By T. W. HILL

(*continued from page* 88)

Chapter XXV

1. GRATING IN THE GATE. The gate, being a large door, probably of wood, set in the garden wall, had this grating with a slide behind it to enable anyone within to see whether a caller were desirable or the reverse.

2. AMERICAN ALOE. The name commonly given to the *Agave Americana*, which is not an aloe; it is a handsome evergreen with no stem and has large broad fleshy leaves.

3. MUST I TELL HIM? The whole of this conversation is great fun, but actually, of course, Mr. Nupkins, as an experienced magistrate, should have been well acquainted with all the points upon which he sought Mr. Jinks's advice.

4. JULIUS CÆSAR. And Mr. Percival. Both were victims of assassination; Cæsar was stabbed on March 15th (The Ides) in 44 B.C.; Spencer Percival's death would be within Mr. Nupkins's own recollection, as it took place in the lobby of the House of Commons on May 11th, 1812.

5. QUARTER SESSIONS. So-called because the sittings of the Court take place once in each quarter of the year in every county of England.

6. FINES WERE REMITTED. It was easy to remit the fines of Weller, Winkle and Snodgrass, and no difficulty was experienced in finding bail for Pickwick and Tupman, but we are not told what became of the charge against the two last-named gentlemen of intending to fight a duel; it must be supposed that the bail was never in jeopardy as Grummer was disbelieved and discredited and the charge dropped.

7. SANGAR POINT. In the first cheap edition (1847) and in later editions, the name is given as Saugar Point; it is mentioned in J. Coulter's "Tables des principales positions géographiques du Globe, Paris, 1828," as being on Saugar Island in the Bay of Bengal near the delta of the River Hoogli—a sufficiently insalubrious spot. This information is kindly supplied by the Royal Geographical Society.

8. TO THEIR DINNER. What a day! Poor Mr. Pickwick! After the previous night's adventure, a late breakfast at 11 o'clock, then the scene with Miss Witherfield, then dinner at about 12.30 with his friends, then his arrest and the scene at Nupkins's, and now a second dinner, which could not be much later than about 2 o'clock.

Chapter XXVI

1. PRESENT ABODE. See Chapter XXII, note 1.

2. REFRACTORY FLAT CANDLE. There is no such thing as a "flat" candle, and extensive enquiries have elicited the information that the term is not known in the trade. It is really a shortened form of flat candlestick, as distinct from the tall candlesticks in ordinary use for table lighting; a flat candlestick was much easier to carry about and the tray that is a part of its design would catch any dripping wax from the candle. A neat definition will be found in "The Haunted House," the Christmas Number of *All The Year Round* for 1859: "A bedroom candlestick with a candle, or a flat candlestick—put it which way you like . . ." Refractory refers to the candle, not to the flat candlestick.

3. INFANT FERNOMENON. There is no doubt that it was Dickens's use of phenomenon for something out of the ordinary that caused the word to be used in that sense, for a phenomenon is properly only something that can be apprehended by observation. In *Nicholas Nickleby* Miss Ninetta Crummles as a dancer something more than the ordinary becomes The Infant Phenomenon.

4. PETTITOES. Anglicé pigs' trotters, and very nice too. Really the feet, the petty toes, of the sucking pig. In *The Winter's Tale* of Shakespeare Autolycus uses the term in a humorous way for feet: "He could not stir his pettitoes till he had both tune and words" (Act IV, Sc. 3).

5. DUTCH OVEN. A cooking appliance for use in front of an open fire for toasting ; it is not often seen nowadays owing to the extensive use of gas and electricity.

CHAPTER XXVII

1. SIGN-BOARD. The text states that this portrait of the Marquis of Granby stood on the opposite side of the road, not at all an uncommon arrangement, but in Phiz's illustration to the downfall of Stiggins in Chapter LII it is suspended from a bracket on the front of the house.

2. MARQUIS OF GRANBY. John Manners, Marquis of Granby (1721-1770), eldest son of the 3rd Duke of Rutland, was a popular general during the Seven Years' War 1756 to 1763, and afterwards became Commander-in-Chief. His portrait was a favourite inn sign, although there was no house of that name in Dorking.

3. GERANIUM PLANTS. Dickens was very fond of geraniums : his daughter Mamie says that at Gad's Hill Place " the two beds in the front were filled with scarlet geraniums—his favourite flower—which made a splendid blaze of colour all through the summer months." It is not surprising therefore that it is often referred to. There were geraniums to attract Mr. Murdstone to Blunderstone Rookery ; David's bouquet for Dora contained geraniums ; and Spenlow's greenhouse specialized in geraniums (all in *David Copperfield*) ; Miss Tox kept a few much-prized geraniums, and Major Bagstock wore a geranium button-hole at Dombey's wedding (*Dombey and Son*) ; and Tom Pinch sported a geranium button-hole to smarten his appearance (*Martin Chuzzlewit*).

4. PLENTY OF WHALEBONE. The ribs of umbrellas were formerly made of whalebone (which is not bone, but baleen) because of its toughness, lightness and elasticity, but it has long been superseded by steel wire, which is much cheaper ; the cost of whalebone also has risen enormously. It should be added that whalebone was rather clumsy in appearance.

5. MORAL POCKET-HANDKERCHIEF. Handkerchiefs on which were printed verses of moral precept, political slogans, as well as merely humorous drawings, were in fairly general use in the early nineteenth century ; they were sometimes used for propaganda purposes by missionaries to uncivilized peoples ; hence Stiggins's reference. Pictures of moral pocket handkerchiefs will be found in *The Dickensian*, 1910, pages 129 and 254.

6. BEGGAR'S PETITIONS. A poem by the Rev. Thomas Moss (1769). The first verse runs :

> " Pity the sorrows of a poor old man
> Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door,
> Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span ;
> Oh, give relief—and Heav'n will bless your store."

There are eleven verses : the words of the Petition are printed in full in *The Dickensian*, 1913, page 230.

7. ATROCIOUS CONDUCT OF THE ELDER MR. SAMUEL. This manifest slip appears only in the first edition, which contains also an Errata Slip that says " Read the elder Mr. Weller." Later editions give " The atrocious conduct of the old gentleman."

8. NAILS IN THE HORSE'S SHOES. A famous arithmetical teaser that is worth recalling : a horse-dealer offered to calculate the price of a horse by asking a farthing for the first nail in the horse's shoes, a halfpenny for the second nail, and so on, doubling the figure for each additional nail. The purchaser agreed to what seemed a generous offer and was surprised to find that the total for the twenty-four nails amounted to £8,738 2s. 8d.

9. I'M ONE DUTCHMAN. Tony's way of expressing conviction. Sam, in Chapter LI, used the phrase " I'm a Roman " for the same purpose.

10. GENTLEMAN OF THE NAME OF WALKER. " Walker " usually prelonged into " Wa-a-lk-er " is a slang word expressing doubt or incredulity. No less than three explanations of its derivation have been suggested : (*a*) it is a shortened form of " Hookey-Walker," a London magistrate with a hooked nose that gave the title of "beak" to all magistrates ; (*b*) a hook-nosed outdoor clerk in a London business house whose reports were open to doubt or frankly disbelieved ; (*c*) an aquiline-nosed Jew named Walker who lectured on Astronomy and invited his pupils to " take a sight " at the heavenly bodies ;

the doubting pupils imitated behind his back his actions in "taking a sight" at his nose. (Abridged from the Encyclopaedic Dictionary, 1895). J. M. Barrie played on the accepted meaning of the word in calling one of his comedies "Walker, London," 1892.

11. WALK TO LONDON. Sam had taken the coach out to Dorking, say, a trip of an hour and threequarters; now he elects to walk home, with 23 miles in prospect—at least a five hours' journey.

Chapter XXVIII

1. GUARD'S KEY-BUGLE. This must not be confused with the guard's post-horn or mail-horn; it is a real bugle, but has holes covered with keys enabling it to increase the number of its notes. It is seldom heard now as the cornet has practically displaced it as a musical instrument.

2. CHAY-CART. In Chapter XLV it is spelt shay-cart. Chay is an effort to indicate the French origin of chaise. A chaise-cart was a small conveyance on two wheels; a full-size chaise had four. In ordinary conversation many of the terms chaise, carriage, fly, etc., were used indifferently, although each word had its own specific meaning if used properly.

3. PLAY AT LEAP-FROG. A pastime always a favourite form of exercise with Dickens in his younger days; his letters shew that his friends shared his enjoyment.

4. STATUE OF BONAPARTE. Statue here probably means statuette. It shews the Emperor in his characteristic attitude with the right hand thrust into the breast of his buttoned-up military coat and his tricorn hat on his head. It was, for some obscure reason, quite popular at one time in England and many little brass replicas were sold in the fancy-goods shops. The figure was probably based on the well-known portrait ("the best ever executed") by J. B. Isabey "Napoleon at Malmaison."

5. PASSED THROUGH THE RING. That is through the bride's wedding ring, taken off for the purpose. Dickens was intimately acquainted with all the domestic traditional ceremonies connected with birth, marriage and death; he complains in the chapter-heading that they "are not quite so religiously kept up in these degenerate times."

6. NEW PATENT CABS. The date of Hansom's first patent is 1834 only a couple of years before Pickwick was begun. (See Chapter II, note 3.)

7. POUSSETTE EVERYWHERE. A French term for swinging one's partner especially in a country dance; the description seems from the details to indicate Sir Roger de Coverley.

8. BOWLS OF WASSAIL. Wassail, an Anglo-Saxon word meaning "be of good health," consisted of ale, or wine, sweetened, flavoured with nutmeg, cinnamon, cloves, with roasted apples floating in it: it was mixed in a large bowl and handed round to the company in cups or glasses.

Chapter XXIX

[This chapter is numbered XXVIII in the first edition although the previous Chapter is also XXVIII. In later editions it is numbered XXVIII*. In the first cheap edition (1847) the number becomes XXIX and it affects all the subsequent Chapters, and this numbering is adopted in these notes.]

1. OLD ABBEY TOWN. "In this part of the country" is the only indication given; Phiz's illustration is not of much assistance as the building he depicts is not like any Kentish abbey. One might guess that Rochester (the town Dickens knew best) was intended if only the word cathedral or priory had been used instead of abbey.

2. GALL AND WORMWOOD. A scriptural expression for extreme bitterness. It first appears in Wyclif's translation of the Bible (1382): "Recorde of painesse and of myn ouergoing, and of wrmod and of galle." (Lam. iii, 19.) In the Authorised Version (1611) this reads: "Remembering mine affliction and my misery, the wormwood and the gall."

3. QUAINT FANTASTIC FASHION. In describing Gabriel's pose Dickens may have had in mind a little squat figure over the western door of the parish church at Chalk, where he had spent his honeymoon only a few months previous to writing this. Forster says he would "stop always to have greeting with a comical old monk who for some incomprehensible reason sits carved in stone, cross-legged, with a jovial pot, over the porch of that sacred edifice."

4. JUST SUCH ANOTHER WITHIN HALF-A-MILE. The whole of this description might apply to the view over the Medway Valley seen from Strood hill. (See also note 1 above.)

5. HE WAS AN ALTERED MAN. The story of Gabriel Grub is a foretaste of the other Christmas Books in the lesson it teaches. In this case the machinery of the tale bears a strong resemblance to that of the *Carol*, with its central figure and the passing visions.

CHAPTER XXX

1. BARNACLES. A cant name for spectacles, based on their likeness to barnacles, an instrument that pinches up the flesh of a restive horse's nose to keep him under control. Another figurative name for spectacles, also from the world of transport, is "gig-lamps." Perhaps in these days of mechanical transport, spectacles will soon be referred to as "head-lights."

2. LANT STREET, BOROUGH. Here Dickens, as a boy, had a lodging while his family was in the Marshalsea Prison, close by. The house has never been satisfactorily identified but it was doubtless Dickens's familiarity with the internal arrangements of the Lant Street houses that caused him to lodge Bob Sawyer there. When a school was erected there it was not unnatural that the London County Council should give it the name "The Charles Dickens School."

CHAPTER XXXI

1. GOWER STREET AND TAVISTOCK SQUARE. At that time this part of London had not been long built and it contained the residences of professional men such as lawyers, superior clerks, etc. It was in Gower Street that Dickens's mother, in real life, and Mrs. Micawber, in fiction, proposed to open schools: "Mrs. Dickens's Establishment," and "Mrs. Micawber's Boarding Establishment for Young Ladies" respectively.

2. HALF-PRICE TO THE ADELPHI. Most theatres at that time presented a "triple bill" and a half-price admission during the evening would not disturb the interest of the entertainment while still affording a good return for the half-price.

3. SUN COURT. Dickens seems to have had a notion that the George and Vulture was situated in Sun Court, for in Chapter L (*q.v.*) he gives Sun Court as the address (in the first edition). Actually Sun Court was out of Mr. Jackson's way as it is just beyond George Yard and St. Michael's Alley and also on the opposite side of Cornhill.

4. SLIPPED THE PAPER AND THE SHILLING. A subpoena is a summons to appear under penalty (nominally £100) to bear witness; the shilling is a token payment of expenses.

5. SECRETS OF THE PRISON HOUSE. This is taken from Shakespeare:

> "I am forbid
> To tell the secrets of my prison house."
>
> Hamlet, act i, sc. 4.

6. UP NEWGATE STREET. Here is additional evidence that Mr. Pickwick did not go to the George and Vulture on his return from Ipswich in Chapter XIX. In Chapter XX he visited Dodson and Fogg in Freeman's Court, then went from there to Gray's Inn to Mr. Perker's, and then to the Magpie and Stump to find Mr. Lowten, and if he had returned to the George and Vulture he would have known his way to Gray's Inn on this occasion.

7. HE WAS BURKED. Meaning quietly put out of the way. In 1829 William Burke was executed for the murder of fifteen persons. He and William Hare enticed their victims into their houses, gave them intoxicants and then smothered them, the bodies being sold to surgeons for dissection. Hare turned "King's Evidence" and got off.

8. GO AWAY TO 'MERRIKER. Dickens appears to have been obsessed with a notion that a visit was desirable. In Chapter XLV he recurs to the idea. He realised his own hopes in 1842 and made a second journey across the Atlantic in 1867, in each case with considerable monetary advantage to himself.

9. VENEVER A BODY TURNED UP. Nowdays it is usual to take a corpse to a mortuary and send for the relatives for purposes of identification.

10. RUBBING IT OUT WITH THE FEATHER. Of a quill pen, of course.

11. VERY SMART FELLOWS. See also Chapter XIII, note 3.

Chapter XXXII

1. IN VIOLATION OF . . . RULES AND CUSTOMS. Solicitors (attorneys) used to be jealous of allowing their clients to have interviews with counsel, but in recent times matters have become easier and barristers frequently give their clients consultations.

2. HOLBORN COURT. "By the bye, is South Square now" (1837). The name had only recently been altered. In *David Copperfield*, Chapter LIX, Traddles lived at No. 2 Holborn Court, so the period of the story of David was previous to that covered by the *Pickwick Papers*.

3. BLINKING THIS LAST QUESTION. Blinking is shutting the eyes, and, figuratively, ignoring or refusing to see, as if the eyes were momentarily shut. Blinkers for horses are cheek pieces on the bridle to prevent the animal seeing in a sideways direction.

4. WHITE FALSE COLLAR. The collar was not false in the sense of being imitation; it was only separate from the shirt which at that period usually had a collar attached to it like a modern sports-shirt. Dickens uses the same expression in other books.

5. FOUR PAIR OF STAIRS WINDOW. That is on the fourth floor.

6. VINGT-UN. A shortened form of vingt-et-un; a card game for any number of players, but usually six, in which the object of each player is to make twenty-one; hence the name. If twenty-one is contained in the dealer's hand immediately after the deal it is called a "natural."

7. FISH AND SIXPENCES. See Chapter VI, note 4.

8. OPEN AN OYSTER WITH A LIMP KNIFE. The same difficulty with unopened oysters is related in connexion with David Copperfield's dinner to Traddles (Chapter XLIV) but in that case "we had no oyster-knives—and couldn't have used them if we had; so we looked at the oysters, and ate the mutton."

9. GREAT, DROPSICAL BLOATED ARTICLES. These glasses, that stood on swollen feet of glass are now obsolete, but at one time were very fashionable in the "saloon-bar" especially for hot grog.

10. VERY ILL WIND THAT BLOWS NOBODY ANY GOOD. An old proverb in common use for more than five hundred years. Shakespeare used it several times; its earliest printed appearances seems to be in Heywood's "Song against Idleness" (1540).

Chapter XXXIII

1. UNRUFFABLE. A Dickens coinage the meaning of which is obvious, although the orthography has no authority; in any case unruffleable would be clumsy.

2. BLUE BOAR, LEADENHALL MARKET. It is a source of regret that an inn so important in the career of Tony Weller cannot be found. It does not and never did exist, although the Blue Boar was quite a popular inn sign. "Our 'ouse" shews the loyal pride of a junior member of its establishment.

3. MANSION HOUSE. Then, as now, a central point of call for omnibuses.

4. CADS. Cad is a shortened form of cadet, a younger son; cadet remains the polite usage. Cad came to mean a low vulgar young man and was soon applied to the conductors of omnibuses and short-stage coaches, as they were usually young and lively and given to exchanging badinage with their fares. (See also Chapter XLIII.)

5. SHORT STAGES. Coaches that plied for short distances between fixed destinations; the forerunner of the omnibuses that were introduced from Paris in 1829. A short stage is specifically named in Chapter XLVI when Mrs. Bardell's party took the Hampstead stage to the Spaniards.

6. CHURCH IN LANGHAM PLACE. All Souls' Church, then a comparatively new building having been erected by John Nash in 1824.

7. HARD-NIBBED PEN. A quill pen in which the slit in the nib is very short; the longer the slit the softer the nib.

8. VELL, MY PROOSHAN BLUE. Sam's allusion to the colour of his father's weather-beaten face has been the subject of ingenious, erudite and even far-fetched comment by such scholars as Sir Walter Besant, Andrew Lang and the Hon. W. Warren Vernon (see *Dickensian*, 1917, p. 227) but the real explanation seems quite simple. The faces of plethoric people often assume under excitement or strain various shades of colour through pink, red, dark red, blue and even purple; Major Bagstock in *Dombey and Son* is described

as a "blue-faced major" who went purple when praticularly amused or indignant. Prussian Blue (ferrocyanide of iron) is a blue of specially rich dark shade, and was discovered at Berlin (hence its name, in 1704). A contributor to Notes and Queries points out that during the Napoleonic wars there existed several Pitt Clubs, and that they included in their toast-lists 1st, the Duke of Wellington, 2nd, The Gallant Blucher, and 3rd, True-Blue and Prussian-Blue, the colours that beat Bonaparte black-and-blue"; so that in calling his father "My Prooshan Blue" Sam was paying him a high patriotic compliment, although it must be added that it was rather belated in 1836.

9. S. VELLER, ESQUIRE, SENIOR. This is of course a slip. Dickens corrected it in the first edition by inserting among the Errata "for S. Veller, Esq., Senior, *read* Tony Veller, Esq." Yet in the first cheap edition (1847) the error is repeated; it is also so printed in the Household Edition. In the Fireside Edition another error is allowed to creep in: "T. Veller, Esquire, senior": this is flagrant as there was no T. Veller, junior.

10. BEADLE ON BOXIN' DAY. The Beadle in small towns was accustomed to solicit gratuities from parishioners on Boxing Day, and sometimes the appeal was in doggerel verse.

11. WARREN'S BLACKING. Here is one of Warren's advertisements with an allusion to the picture of a top-boot reflecting an infuriated barn-door fowl:

"Lord B—— laid a bet on two Game Cocks, that they,
When pitted, would turn from each other away;
So, next day, in Boots of Resplendence grand,
By *Warren's* famed Jet, No. 30 the Strand,
He came, when relinquishing grosser Pursuits.
The Cocks fiercely flew at the mirror-like Boots,
And each on his Shadow made desp'rate Attack,
Nor could they again to the Scratch be brought back;
Thus triumph'd Lord B——, *Warren's* Blacking the cause
Of Vict'ry, while hail'd it with unbounded applause."

The name of the poet to whose inspiration these exquisite lines are due has not been divulged. See, however, *Dickensian*, 1938, p. 199.

12. ROWLAND'S OIL. Rowland's Macassar Oil was much advertised in the nineteenth century often accompanied by versified encomiums similar to that above. It was certainly popular and gradually superseded the bear's grease that was once in almost universal use. Rowland's Oil was the means of introducing a new word into the English language; antimacassars had to be placed on chair-backs to protect them from being stained by the oil.

13. PROFEEL MACHEEN. An apparatus by which one end of a wire was passed over the features of a sitter while a pencil attached to the other end traced an outline on a sheet of paper; the effect was like that of a silhouette.

14. HUNG FOR A HIGHWAY ROBBERY. Thus early in his career Dickens was attacking the severity of the penal code. Three times in this his first book he alludes to it. In Chapter VI Edmunds was condemned to death for robbery, although the sentence was commuted; in Chapter XXI the tale of the Queer Client revolves on the same theme; and here. In *Barnaby Rudge* the hangman Dennis is asked how many hanging laws there are.

15. FOLDED IT IN A VERY INTRICATE MANNER. Before the days of envelopes people folded the letters as is done nowadays for "printed papers" by inserting one end into the other and then wafering to keep it closed. It cannot be a reference to what was known as cocked-hat folding as that was only used for private notes not sent through the post.

16. TIC DOLOUREUX. Neuralgia, accompanied by a painful twitching of the facial muscles. Nearly always anglicised in pronunciation as "tick dolleroo."

17. ANTHONY HUMM. It is said that this gentleman is drawn from life, from a well-known temperance advocate named G. J. Knight who lived till 1875. There was actually a Brick Lane Temperance Society.

CHAPTER XXXIV

1. DROVE TO GUILDHALL. Until the Judicature Act of 1873 when they were moved to Westminster, the Court of Exchequer, the King's Bench, and the Common Pleas were held in Guildhall of four days in each Law Term.

These courts went finally in 1882 to the Royal Courts of Justice in the Strand.

2. STUDENTS' BOX. That part of the Court reserved for law students who were preparing to enter the legal profession.

3. UNDER-DONE-PIE-CRUST-COLOURED. The light fawn colour of the "law-calf" (undressed) with its red labels and parchment stitching, must have impressed itself on Dickens's mind when he was a young man, for he used it again in *Pictures from Italy*: "There lay Avignon . . . with an under-done-pie-crust battlemented wall that will never be brown though it bake for centuries."

4. LARGE CRIMSON BAG. Serjeants-at-Law and King's Counsel have crimson bags; barristers' bags are blue.

5. GENTLEMAN IN BLACK. The usher of the Court.

6. PRAYED A TALES. *Tales* is the Latin plural of *talis* meaning such. Buzfuz was requesting the Court to allow the full number of the jury to be completed from persons in the Court. The full phrase is "Tales de circumstantibus," such persons from those standing about.

7. NOAKES, OR STOAKES, OR STILES. These fictitious names were used by lawyers to fill in pro formâ blanks in legal documents, and would occur automatically to Buzfuz's mind; he added Brown or Thompson to give his speech a familiar tone.

8. GARRAWAY'S. A one-time famous coffee house in Change Alley, Cornhill, opposite the Royal Exchange; a noted meeting place for city men. No doubt Mr. Pickwick, who probably knew it well before he retired from business, had dropped in at midday for a sandwich and a glass of sherry, for which it was renowned. In *Martin Chuzzlewit* Mr. Nadgett the secret service agent haunted Garraway's "looking over his shoulder for the man who never appeared." Garraway's was pulled down in 1866.

9. ALLEY TORS . . . COMMONEYS . . . KNUCKLE DOWN. Marble games are very old in England, certainly back in the Middle Ages, and there is reason to believe that marbles were played in Ancient Egypt. An Alley was a special kind of taw made in fact of alabaster—of which alley is a shortened form—and was a prized possession; in some games it was forbidden to use alleys to pay marble debts. Commoney is a school-boy word for common and is a cheaper marble made of baked clay covered with coloured glaze. Knuckle down means kneel properly in accordance with the rules. Tip-cheese is the same as tip-cat.

10. KING STREET. The thoroughfare leading from Guildhall Courtyard to Cheapside.

11. SMELLING SALTS. A precaution against a fainting fit or an attack of hysterics on the part of Mrs. Cluppins. (See Chapter X, note 17.)

12. BACK ONE PAIR OF STAIRS. That is the room behind Mr. Pickwick's apartment on the first floor.

13. THE BEST . . . COULD DO NO MORE. The old adage referred to by Dickens is beautifully expressed by Young in his Night Thoughts:

"Who does the best his circumstance allows
Does well, acts nobly; angels could no more."

CHAPTER XXXV

1. WHITE HORSE CELLAR. The inn in Piccadilly at which coaches from the City for the west of England called. It was at the corner of Arlington Street on the site now occupied by the Ritz Hotel, pulled down and moved to the north side of the road, and this was in turn demolished in 1884; the site is now covered by Hatchett's Restaurant.

2. FIFTY-BLADED PEN-KNIVES. Multi-bladed knives, combining all sorts of useful implements and including a hook for removing stones from horses' hoofs, in addition to several sizes of knife-blades, used to be exhibited in cutlers' shop-windows, but seem to have disappeared except from a few museums; twenty-five blades was a more general number and these are mentioned in Chapter XLII.

3. KENSINGTON TURN-PIKE. This was situated a little way to the west of the site now occupied by the Royal Albert Hall; it is two-and-a-half miles from the White Horse Cellar.

4. INDIA-RUBBER CLOAK. Charles Macintosh (1766-1843) patented his waterproofing in 1823, but when *Pickwick* was written the new name had not become acclimatised.

5. THE WHITE HART. Opposite the Great Pump Room (see Chapter XXXVI, note 2); it belonged to Eleazar and Moses Pickwick and their coach from London bore their name on its door. The White Hart was closed in 1865, pulled down in 1867 and the Grand Pump Room Hotel erected on the site.

6. ANGELO CYRUS BANTAM. The original from whom Bantam was drawn is said to be Captain George Jervois, the M.C. when *Pickwick* was written. Jervois left Bath to become a General, a Knight, and the Governor of Hong Kong. His son served on the City Council for some years in the later nineteenth century.

7. ASSEMBLY ROOMS. This, the finest building of its kind in the west of England and capable of accommodating 1,500 persons, was opened in 1771, Sheridan being present at the ceremony. It was unfortunately burned down during an enemy air-raid in 1942, having been only a short time previously entirely redecorated at great expense. Fortunately the walls remained standing and it is hoped that it will be restored to its former glory. The Banquet of the Dickens Fellowship 1939 Conference was the last to be held in the Assembly Rooms.

8. QUEEN SQUARE. Adjoining Gay Street; it dates from 1729 and together with the Assembly Rooms, the Royal Crescent and The Circus, was the work of the architects, John Wood and John Wood, Junior, who flourished at the time of Bath's great development, 1720-1780.

9. MERCIFUL DISPENSATION. One meaning, perhaps the most used, is a provision of Providence or Nature. Tony Weller in Chapter LII calls it dispensary.

10. CHALKED FLOORS. Modern dance floors are specially polished, but dusting with powdered French chalk is still resorted to when an ordinary unpolished floor requires to be prepared for dancing; it has many disadvantages.

11. NEW MAIL CART. With a box for the letters. The fops of the day would go to any extravagances to shew what they thought was originality to draw attention to themselves. Here is Lord Mutanhed, not satisfied with the then fashionable gig, driving about in an imitation of the two-wheeled vehicle used by the Post Office even to the "real box for the letters."

12. TRUMP CARD TURNED UP. The old rule at whist, now seldom adhered to, was for the dealer to turn up the last card as he dealt it to himself, the suit thus shewn establishing trumps for the hand.

CHAPTER XXXVI

1. ROYAL CRESCENT. One of the most impressive groups of buildings in Bath, erected 1748. See Chapter XXXV, note 8.

2. GREAT PUMP ROOM. Designed by Baldwin and erected in 1796-97. The exterior has not altered in appearance, and the interior has been only slightly modified at the fountain since Dickens's day. It still preserves its Corinthian columns, its music gallery, its clock bearing an inscription: "The watch and dial was given by Mr. Thomas Tompion of London, clockmaker, Ann. Dom. 1709"; the statue of Beau Nash (sculptor unknown) installed in his lifetime as a tribute to his efforts to establish The Royal Mineral Water Hospital; the Golden Inscription (an appeal in verse on behalf of the Hospital of this City); there is also now a bust of Dickens executed and presented by Percy FitzGerald, standing in the corridor of the baths.

3. ARMS O' PORPUS. The short chairman was referring to Morpheus the on of Sleep and the God of Dreams.

4. FLAT CANDLE. See Chapter XXVI, note 2.

(To be continued)

OVERSEAS EXCHANGE

It would greatly facilitate our work if when remitting monies from overseas, subscribers, Branch Secretaries, and others would advise us direct that they are doing so, adding their detailed instructions for its disposition. The receipt of international money orders through official channels without such information, which can only be sent separately, leads to much confusion and delay.

EARLY DICKENS DRAMA IN AMERICA

By MALCOLM MORLEY

I

BOZ, the British story-teller, was the source of a number of plays which reached the American stage from the pages of his novels or, more often, from the manuscripts of the so-called dramatisations of those given in England. They arrived in the United States as fast as they could be carried across the Atlantic, a matter of several weeks in the days of sailing ships. The records of the New York Theatre provide a list of plays emanating from his early novels, a lesser list than that belonging to the London stage, but in many respects comparable with it.

The lax law of copyright in the middle years of the last century allowed any dramatic hack to take material from a novel without a *by your leave* to the author, add to it, subtract, twist and distort the incidents into something of a play. Walter Scott, Harrison Ainsworth and Fenimore Cooper and above all Charles Dickens suffered from the conscienceless playwright. His every novel was a prize to the pirates of the playhouse who bore down upon his works for conversion to their own usages. The English pirates, in turn, were pounced upon by pirates in America. The plays they had annexed from Boz became fair game for theatrical managers in the new world. A copy of a Dickens adaptation had only to arrive overseas and the possessor had its unrestricted use. Whoever held the manuscript held the right to present the play; all objections by the adapter were over-ruled, to say nothing of any by Boz.

II

The earliest full-length story by Boz was "The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club" and in London five dramatisations appeared at different theatres in 1837. The first of these was Edward Stirling's *The Pickwick Club* on March 27th at the City of London Theatre and this work would seem to be the one used four months later in New York at the Franklin Theatre on July 24th, which date marks the earliest recorded Dickens drama in America.

Sam Weller was played by William Mitchell, a jolly English comedian who had migrated from his native land and was to become a prominent manager in the American capital. It is not improbable that he received the play from his friend, W. H. Williams, the actor in the rôle of Pickwick at the City of London. Williams later that year was to follow the example of Mitchell and seek fame and fortune in the United States. But it was John Nickenson who played Pickwick at the Franklin. Other characters in the production were Snodgrass by Emanuel Judah, Tupman by Madden, Jingle by Edward Thayer, Rachel Wardle by Mrs. Walstein and Emily Wardle by Alexina Fisher.

A second dramatisation to be given in New York was *Sam Weller; or The Pickwickians* at the Park Theatre on March 15th, 1838. It was announced as the work of the author of *Tom and Jerry*. This was W. T. Moncrieff and his adaptation was the one that had been produced at the New Strand Theatre, London, on July 10th previously.

In the American cast were W. Chippendale as Pickwick, Peter Richings as Jingle, T. H. Blakeley as Old Weller and W. R. Blake as Sam Weller. A name to be famous in the future was that of Charlotte Cushman here set against the part of Emily Wardle. *The Knickerbocker* in writing of the piece said it was "produced with all the bustle and crowd of a heterogeneous mass of characters, but without the inimitable comedy which belongs to the original. That arch, faithful

and philosophical wag, Samuel Veller, loses all his piquancy and smartness, and the quiet, good-natured absurdity of the respectable Mr. Pickwick, becomes a vapid piece of stupidity. The sleepy fat boy, as exhibited by Mr. Placide, is the only character which seems unadulterated by the dramatic transformation. The piece is in three acts, and would be much improved by the subtraction of two. After all the characters have once been seen, and each given a taste of his peculiar quality, the fun of the thing is over."

Richings found favour as Jingle, but Blake was all wrong as Sam. The actor was said neither to look, speak nor understand the character. Later he was replaced by W. A. Chapman whose brand of humour was more suited to the cockneyisms of the character. Though critically condemned, "Sam Weller" had a fair measure of success at the Park, then the most fashionable playhouse in the City.

Meantime, between the productions of the two Pickwick plays in New York, Boz's own farce of *The Strange Gentleman* had been staged at the National on September 15th, 1837; but that work should not be placed in the list of plays lifted from his books by others. He, himself, took it from one of his own short stories in *Sketches by Boz, The Great Winglebury Duel.*

III

In London *Oliver Twist* first appeared on the stage in a much abused version at the St. James's Theatre on March 27th, 1838. Several other dramatisations followed at different houses, the most successful being the one by George Almar given at the Surrey on November 19th of that year. It was not until January 7th, 1839, that *Oliver Twist* reached the New York boards when an adaptation was played at the Franklin Theatre on the occasion of John Sefton's Benefit. No intimation was given of the adapter. It might well have been an American-made drama if not a hash of an English script. Sefton, himself, played Bumble, the prime low comedian's part in the play. Nancy was acted by Mrs. Blake and Bill Sikes by C. R. Thorne. Oliver was played by a male, Charles Meystayer. In England the stage Olivers were nearly always female, but, be it noted, the Artful Dodger at the Franklin was undertaken by a woman, Mrs. C. R. Thorne. The piece was only given for the one performance.

Exactly a month later, on February 7th, another dramatisation was produced, *Oliver Twist* at the Superior Park Theatre. Again there was no indication of the playwright, American or English. Could the work have been a vamping of the Almar version which had reached the States? The characters were generally well portrayed and included Bumble by Placide, Bill Sikes by Richings, the Artful Dodger by Johnson, Fagin by Chippendale, Rose Maylie by Mrs. Chippendale, Oliver by Miss Richardson and Nancy by Charlotte Cushman. The last-mentioned displayed great power and intenseness as the victim of the brutal Sikes. Miss Cushman was revealing some of the forceful strength that afterwards was to secure her recognition as America's foremost tragedienne.

IV

Nicholas Nickleby, the next of Dickens's novels, tumbled hard upon the heels of *Oliver Twist* in the New York playhouses. The first dramatic version in London was by Edward Stirling at the Adelphi, November 19th, 1838; the first in New York appeared at the National on January 25th following, and was probably the same play.

In the cast at the National were James Wallack, Jun., as Nicholas, Mrs. Sefton as Smike, Lambert as Newman Noggs, Connor as Mantalini,

Mrs. Rogers as Madame Mantalini and Miss Monier as Kate. The two English comedians, William Mitchell and W. H. Williams, were Squeers and John Browdie respectively, the former being now stage manager at the National. There was no Vincent Crummles. That character was not sufficiently advanced in the monthly numbers of the novel to be included in the play.

On January 30th, 1839, five days after the production at the National, a *Nicholas Nickleby* dramatisation was staged at the Park and, as usual, the adapter went unrecorded. The date was a few days before the previously mentioned *Oliver Twist* production at that house and during the week beginning February 11th both pieces occupied the same bill. Oliver and Nicholas could not be labelled strangers. The two had previously been together at the Surrey and the City of London in the British capital. They were dramatic twins on both sides of the Atlantic. At the Park the same players appeared in both works. Placide, in addition to Bumble, played John Browdie; Richings appeared as Bill Sikes and Mantalini; Chippendale alternated Fagin with Noggs; Mrs. Chippendale simpered first as Rose Maylie then as Kate Nickleby, while Miss Richardson had a dual study of boyhood in Oliver and Smike. Charlotte Cushman, also in both plays, changed from the melodrama of Nancy to the comedy of Fanny Squeers, a character which from all accounts she greatly overplayed.

A year was to elapse before the vain and glorious Crummles came upon the New York scene. In London he had been represented by Paul Bedford and John Gardner in Sequels, or Second Parts, of *Nicholas Nickleby*, and then his appearances were to be only incidental to the drama. At the Olympic in New York he had a whole piece to himself, *The Savage and the Maiden*, a farce entirely devoted to the theatricalities of Vincent, his family and company, with Nicholas as a patient onlooker.

The enterprising William Mitchell had transferred his activities from the National to the Olympic of which he assumed the management. During his tenure the place was known as Mitchell's Olympic and here the comedian-manager indulged at the top of his bent in extravaganza, burlesque and farce. Under his rule it was a lively theatre for over a decade. Mitchell poked fun at everything and everybody, including himself. The announcements and preliminary puffs of his productions at the Olympic constituted a comic journal in themselves.

The Savage and the Maiden produced on January 15th, 1840, proved a conspicuous success, being acted some sixty times that season. Boz's account of Crummles and his barnstorming brigade, the foibles and rehearsal methods of his troupe of struggling, grandiose players, though in essence near to nature, had enough of satire to provide uproarious entertainment for the patrons of Mitchell's Olympic. The ways and means of strolling players, when not tragedy, were burlesque in those days.

Manager Mitchell himself enacted Crummles, a joyous performance. Smike was portrayed by Miss Randolph, Lenville by Henry Erskine Johnson, Folair by Henry Russell (not the vocalist) and Ninetta Crummles, the Infant Phenomenon, by a dancer called La Petite Celeste. In the article "Nicholas Nickleby on the Boards,"* she was confused with the Anglo-French actress billed as Celeste. La Petite Celeste was Miss Williams and her stage name was in all likelihood in imitation of the other Celeste whose reputation at that time was high in America both as a dancer and a mime.

Of the production, *The Spirit of The Times* wrote, "It is assuredly the most ludicrous affair ever presented in New York. From beginning

* *The Dickensian*, 1947, p. 141.

to end the house is in one roar of laughter. Old Crummles will henceforth be considered as Mitchell's great part. His minute knowledge of the business of the stage comes into play, with all his comic powers. Russell and La Petite Celeste likewise act well their parts, but the manager eclipses all others." No adapter was assigned to *The Savage and The Maiden*, though Henry Horncastle who acted Nicholas may be presumed to have had something to do with it.

William Mitchell as Crummles
from Odell's *Annals of the New York Stage*
by courtesy of the Columbia University Press.

The Crummles of Mitchell was to strut the boards in another production at the Olympic the following season. This was an extravaganza called "Nineteen-Forty; or, Crummles in Search of Novelty," the first performance of which took place on October 15th, 1840. The author announced was A. Allen though the work was generally conceded to be another contribution of Horncastle. It was on prophetic lines, Crummles, set down on the play-bill as "formerly manager of the Portsmouth Theatre now of the Olympic," is worried. Novelty has been announced for the public but it is provided only after much cogitation. Fancy enters and starts Crummles off on a voyage of discovery. The two jump a hundred years ahead and watch the march of miracles in 1940. There are scenes at Niblo's of the future and in Tatter's Sale Room. They are present at a Mart for the sale of men martyrs and visit a Mermaid's Cave where the mermaids are represented by mere maids, matron and other queer fish. Crummles returns to 1840 and the finale is a series of tableaux. Included in the piece were such characters as Time, Melpomene, Thalia, the Fates and Isaac Walton. Others were Wriggle (a philosopher), Alleyn (a scribe) and Thomasina Bella (a female auctioneer), the last represented by the male George Graham. When the extravaganza was revived the next season, its title has changed to "Nineteen-Forty-One" so as to accord with the assumed time-lapse in the action. The year after that was, for the same reason, renamed "Nineteen-Forty-Two." And although Crummles strayed into those years he, of course, met nothing of the world war. So much for stage prophecy.

Another sight of Mitchell as Crummles was on September 13th, 1844, when, for the opening of a new season at the Olympic, he appeared in a sketch by Horncastle, a prelude as it were, to the entertainment. As the ripe and lovable egotist, Vincent Crummles, the manager introduced a number of well-known characters to the audience: Lord Byron, Massaniello, Monsieur Jacques, De Monso, Tom Clifford and others.

Continuing the sequence of Boz's books came the weekly publication, *Master Humphrey's Clock*, and in the play line came the melodrama of that name by F. Fox Cooper at the Victoria Theatre in

London on May 29th, 1840. A drama with the same title was produced at the New Chatham Theatre in New York on July 27th following. Characters, unknown to Dickens, were common to this and the play at the Victoria. It may be presumed they were one and the same—the Cooper concoction. The extraneous Hargrave Hartley and Little Elinor in *Master Humphrey's Clock* at the New Chatham were represented by C. R. Thorne and Mrs. Harrison.

V

Master Humphrey's Clock in its periodical form included two long stories, *The Old Curiosity Shop* and *Barnaby Rudge*. The very early chapters of the first of these had suggested something to Cooper for his drama, but the piece, as a whole, bears not the slightest resemblance to the story. In London the earliest adaptation of *The Old Curiosity Shop* in any real sense of the word was by E. Stirling at the Adelphi on November 9th, 1840. There is no record of a dramatic version in New York until August 5th, 1859, when one was given at the National as *Little Nelly*, the title rôle being played by Little Lola, described on the bills as the Infant Wonder.

Barnaby Rudge, the second story in the periodical, was first seen on the stage at the English Opera House (the Lyceum) on June 28th, 1841 dramatised by Charles Selby and Charles Melville. Several other versions came out that year in London. There was but one given in New York at the time and this at the New Chatham on September 27th, 1841. If this version came from England, it was more likely than not the Selby-Melville adaptation, reckoning by date and the time taken in ocean crossing. The principal characters in New York were Black Hugh by Thorne, Simon Tappertit by L. Meystayer, Dolly Varden by Miss E. Meystayer and Barnaby Rudge by Mrs. Thorne.

The above list summarises the dramatisations of Dickens given in New York previous to the visit of the novelist to America in 1842.

THE DICKENS HOUSE ENDOWMENT FUND
(WALTER DEXTER MEMORIAL)

Thirty Pounds.—Liverpool Branch.
Twenty-six Pounds Five Shillings.—Southend Branch.
Twenty-five Pounds.—Redditch Branch.
Twenty-four Pounds.—Philadelphia Branch. Mrs. Kieferle's White Elephant Sale.
Nine Guineas.—Cirencester Branch.
Eight Pounds Twelve Shillings.—Profit on Badges.
Eight Pounds Five Shillings.—Mrs. Newbery.
Six Pounds Fifteen Shillings and Sixpence.—Rochester Branch Whist Drive.
Five Guineas.—Edmonton Branch. Mr. J. Greaves per Mr. Maguire.
Five Pounds.—Toronto Branch.
Four Pounds.—Bath and Cheltenham Branches.
One Pound Eighteen Shillings.—Mr. L. C. Staples: Lecture, Broadstairs.
One Pound Sixteen Shillings and Eightpence.—Mr. Greaves (Recital at Lee).
One Pound Five Shillings.—Mrs. Giles (Nottingham).
One Pound One Shilling and Sixpence.—Bath Branch Balance on Sccial.
One Guinea.—Mrs. Bacon (Dramatic Show at Ealing). Mr. Staples per *Everbody's Weekly*.
One Pound.—Mr. J. K. Clayton (Manchester).
Fifteen Shillings.—Mr. F. Bolt (Bath).
Half-Guinea.—Mr. J. Greaves (Recital Jewish Ex-Servicemen). Mrs. L. Phillips. Mrs. B. Robertson (Lecture).
Ten Shillings and Twopence.—Anon.
Ten Shillings.—Miss S. L. Atkinson. Mrs. B. Robertson (Lecture). Mr. and Mrs. Mackrell.
Seven Shillings and Sixpence.—Mrs. E. M. Stone.
Four Shillings.—Mr. and Mrs. George Wharton.

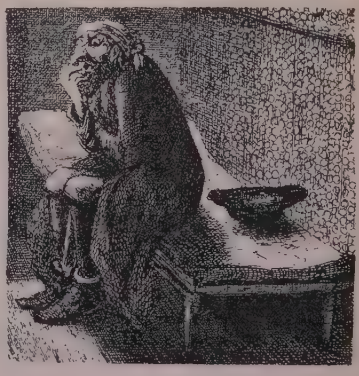
Total to date £3,684 12s. 5d.

CRUIKSHANK: GENIUS

BY KENTLEIGH BROMHILL

A NEW series of books on English Masters of Black-and-White begins appropriately with a welcome little volume on George Cruikshank,* the outstanding figure of nineteenth century illustration. An introductory essay by Ruari McLean is discriminating in tone, with a high appreciation of Cruikshank's supremacy as an etcher. His name must always be closely associated with that of Dickens, their outlook on the reform of social abuses being very similar although they used different media. Both were inclined to be dandyish in dress, a little vain of their personal appearance, and both had their roots in the late eighteenth century, Dickens being descended in the literary line of Smollett and Fielding, while Cruikshank inherited the art of caricature from Rowlandson and Gillray; as a boy he had known Gillray on some of whose plates he is said to have worked.

Another close parallel between the two is that both started young, Cruikshank at the age of twenty having produced a caricature of the retreat of Napoleon from Moscow in 1812, and Dickens having had his first Sketch published at the age of twenty-one. Neither of them had any academic training for his chosen profession, but Dickens had tried his hand at authorship as a mere child, and Cruikshank, the son of an etcher, early learnt the processes of that art, "actually drawing parts of his father's plates and helping to etch them, and at the age twelve was earning a little money on his own account."



Fagin
by Geo. Cruikshank.

George Cruikshank and his elder brother Robert, also a draughtsman and etcher, had become in their twenties the leading caricaturists in England and sealed their fame by illustrating Pierce Egan's "Life in London" (Tom and Jerry and Bob Logic, the last-named being Robert himself).

Another interesting parallel between Cruikshank and Dickens is the early attainment of a mature style and long-sustained excellence of accomplishment throughout their careers, and the final flash of genius in each case. In *Sketches by Boz* is some of Dickens's best work and in *Edwin Drood* he was writing what might well have proved, had it been completed, to be his masterpiece; Cruikshank attained his full powers in "Life in London" and at the age of eighty-three produced the charming frontispiece to Mrs. Blewett's "The Rose and the Lily," about a year before his death.

Yet although Cruikshank and Dickens are so often bracketed together, only three of Dickens's books were illustrated by his friend, namely *Sketches by Boz*, *Oliver Twist* and the *Memoirs of Joseph Grimaldi*, after which they never collaborated although their friendship remained. The fact is their tastes and temperaments were too similar. Both were genial, much loved by their friends, but both were inclined to be quick-tempered—Mr. McLean calls Cruikshank crotchetty—and they would not, in all probability, have enjoyed a long partnership. Dickens was apt to be exacting in his demands on his illustrators and

* English Masters of Black-and-white: George Cruikshank, by Ruari McLean Art and Technics, 8s. 6d.

the episode of the last picture in *Oliver Twist* will never be forgotten. Never was there written a more manly and straightforward letter than that indited by the young man of twenty-six at the beginning of his career to a man of established national fame and nearly old enough to be his father; the artist immediately executed an entirely new plate. Each had evidently correctly assessed the character of the other, and the consequence was their friendship was not clouded in the least.

Why does Mr. McLean, in common with most critics who deal with Cruikshank's work, find it necessary to adopt an attitude of slight disparagement about Hablot Browne? It does not increase Cruikshank's undoubted stature, and neither does it diminish Browne's undoubted gifts. While admitting that Phiz's illustrations to *Nicholas Nickleby* were "so popular that it seems almost an impiety to wonder whether Cruikshank would have done better," he weights the scales against Browne's style. This may not be the appropriate place to enlarge on this subject, but it seems just to say that Browne successfully accomplished a difficult job for Dickens and for his readers' satisfaction, and his connexion lasted for twenty years. An orthodox artist was succeeding a professional caricaturist who so admirably had reflected the atmosphere of Dickens's particular style; Phiz had obviously to carry on the style that had been set by Cruikshank. Whether the latter would have modified his work as did Phiz when Dickens's method mellowed is of course a question that cannot be settled but we know that Phiz was most adaptable. Mr. McLean wonders what Cruikshank would have done with the Nickleby subjects. It would be equally interesting to wonder how Cruikshank, who could not draw a graceful female figure, would have treated the subject of, say, the dead Lady Dedlock at the gate of the burial ground, or the interview between Vholes and Richard Carstone, both in *Bleak House*, or how he would have kept a check on his etching needle in the church at Blunderstone in *David Copperfield*. It may well be that part of the reason for the slighting of Hablot Browne is due to the fact that he was modest, shy, self-effacing and anxious to meet his author's wishes always, and had not the gifts of self-advertisement and self-assertion that were such strong characteristics of Cruikshank.

Following Mr. McLean's suggestive essay comes a series of plates (57 of them, arranged chronologically) beautifully reproduced with practically all the sharpness of the original etchings, and the reader is able to study the progress of Cruikshank's genius, from an early fashionable drawing room scene in the Gillray manner (1818) to the dainty fantasies illustrating Jack and the Beanstalk (1854). Cruikshank never entirely lost something of the Gillray influence as can be seen in the female figures in some of the *Oliver Twist* pictures (look at the scene where Bill Sikes seizes Oliver to take him back to Fagin), but the mastery of his backgrounds and accessories was all his own (see especially the scenes of Bumble's courtship, or the death of Sikes).

This thin but handsome book—one could wish there were more of it—is a credit to its author and to its publishers.

THE BOOK OF THE YEAR

Season 1948/49

OUR MUTUAL FRIEND

FROM RECENT BOOKS

By LOUIS B. FREWER, M.A.
(Bodleian Library)

FRANCIS PARKMAN

"Then Parkman, stricken with colic, short of sleep and full of worldly wisdom beyond his years as a result of his stay in Paris, crossed the Channel to a Britain already familiar to him from much reading of Dickens and Walter Scott.

"Zurich is a beautiful town; clean and neat, with all that air of newness and fresh paint that Dickens attributed to Boston.

"When I got to London, I thought I had been there before. There, in flesh and blood, was the whole host of characters that figure in *Pickwick*. Every species of cockney was abroad in the dark and dingy-looking streets, all walking with their heads stuck forwards, their noses turned up, their chin pointing down, their knee joints shaking, as they shuffled along with a gait perfectly ludicrous but indescribable. The hackney coachmen and cabmen, with their peculiar phraseology; the walking advertisements, in the shape of a boy completely hidden between two placards; and a hundred others seemed so many incarnations of Dickens's characters.

"Thence I took stage for Carlisle . . . It was not long before we passed the veritable Dotheboys Hall of Dickens, exactly answering to his description in appearance, in situation, in all things. It is deserted utterly—*Nicholas Nickleby* ruined not this establishment alone, but many other schools with which the vicinity abounds, though some of these latter were in no way objectionable."—"The Journals of Francis Parkman," ed. by Mason Wade. Two vols. (Harper.)

AMERICA THROUGH ENGLISH EYES

"English feeling towards America was not so simple. The United States was unpopular. When Radical speakers demanded that British institutions should be made democratic, their Conservative or Liberal opponents had only to mention the American democracy with its violence and corruption to reduce them to silence. Dickens's brilliant caricature of American life in *Martin Chuzzlewit* expressed perfectly the sentiments not only of the author, but the vast majority of his readers."—"The Age of Peel and Cobden," by Elie Halévy. (Benn.)

MIDDLE-CLASS RULE

"Middle-class influence is clearly discerned in Victorian literature, closely confined as it is by middle-class inhibitions. The test which writers like Dickens, Thackeray, Tennyson, and Trollope were proud to meet was: Can this be read aloud to our boys and girls? Dickens never wrote a line which 'a mother need withhold from her grown daughter.' He well-expressed the middle-class attitude in his remark that a 'truly refined mind will seem to be ignorant of anything not perfectly proper, placid, and pleasant.' Reading aloud to the family circle was as characteristic of the Victorian age as family prayers. This was partly because there was, in most homes, only one good reading lamp in the house."—"Europe in Modern Times," by W. O. Ault. (Heath.)

THE NOVEL

"Fielding . . . . . was far too conscious an artist, far too well drilled in Aristotle, to be content with a plot that did not exhibit unity of action to some extent, though he allowed himself an epic poet's liberties in the introduction of episodes. Such liberties were extended by Smollett, and his admirer Dickens to the licence of the novel of 'the English school'—a 'prose romance' or 'comic epic' of a purely episodic nature, kept together only by a unity of hero, and called by the hero's name: such as 'The Adventures of Roderick Random' or 'The Life and *Adventures of Nicholas Nickleby*.'

"Until George Eliot restored Unity of Action as a principle, it was the exception in the English novel—to be found in the novels of Jane Austen, in 'Vanity Fair' and 'Esmond,' in 'Wuthering Heights,' and in such uncharacteristic work of Scott and Dickens as 'The Bride of Lammermoor' and *Great Expectations*.

'Flat Characters': *Dickens.*

"The opposite to the character which tries to reproduce the whole man, is what Mr. Forster has called the 'flat character.' He is summed up in a single phrase, such as: 'I will never desert Mr. Micawber,' which sums up all Mrs. Micawber's nature and actions. The creation of the flat character is best studied not in fiction, but in drama, in Ben Jonson's theory of 'humours,' and the best statement on the subject is that made by his most recent editors in the introduction to their monumental edition.

"He seizes character under one aspect, because he sees it so; neglecting, because he does not see them, the cross-play of impulses, the inconsistencies and conflicts, mingled strength and weakness, of which they are normally composed. His observation was prodigiously active and acute; but its energy was spent in accumulating observations of a single dominant trait, not in distinguishing fine shades. The nuances fell together for him, and the vast complexes of detail which his voracious eye collected, and his unsurpassed memory retained, grouped themselves round a few nuclei of ludicrous character . . . . . his personages are real men seen from a particular angle, not moral qualities translated into their human embodiments.

"This is an extremely acute analysis of the way in which Jonson's mind must have worked when he was creating character, and it will stand for much of Dickens's character-creation as well. Not for nothing was Dickens an admirer of Jonson, and fond of impersonating his soldier-braggart Bobadil. Many of Dickens's most memorable characters, while 'flat' are yet 'real men seen from a particular angle, not moral qualities translated into their human embodiments.' We even know some of the real men exposed to this angular vision—for instance that Mr. Micawber and Old Dorrit are portraits of Dickens's father, seen from different angles, and Mr. Skimpole is a portrait of Leigh Hunt—they are not just embodiments of different types of fecklessness and irresponsibility.

". . . . . compare Dickens's two portraits of his own father, as Mr. Micawber or as Old Dorrit. They are not much alike; nor are Flora Finching and Dora Copperfield, who had the same original.

"An author, then, must deal honourably with his characters. But for all that we must never forget that characters, if *simulacra* of human beings, are not human beings. We should not, one hopes, had we been living at the time, have been among those who wrote to Richardson, begging him to spare Clarissa's virtue, or among those who wrote to Dickens begging him to spare the life of little Paul Dombey, or little Nell. We are sorry that he abandoned his original, unhappy ending to *Great Expectations*.

'Background in Dickens: Symbolic'

"Of the symbolists, Dickens is supreme: he provides vast Wagnerian settings for his dramas. The Thames in *Our Mutual Friend*, the marshes in *Great Expectations* are symbolic and exciting. They prepare us to see extraordinary things and people—and Dickens's people are big enough to set against their background, while Hardy's are apt to get lost on Egdon Heath. Dickens does not forget that it is for the sake of the human drama that the background is provided. If, in *Bleak House*, it rains in Lincolnshire, it is because it rains in the heart of Lady Dedlock.

"'The Waters are out in Lincolnshire . . . . .'

"The feeling of damp chill is the physical counterpart to Lady Dedlock's fears, and the remorseless rain a fit background to her approaching ruin. Unfortunately the actual drama in this case, as so often in Dickens, is strained and impossible. A truer pity and terror at Lady Dedlock's plight is produced by the echoing terrace at Chesney Wold and the Lincolnshire floods, than by the preposterous schemes of Mr. Tulkinghorn. Dickens is a great artist, nevertheless it must be said that it is more creditable to cause pity and terror by the happenings in a story than by the atmosphere.

"The subjective view of the background is only legitimate when it is the view of one of the characters; there is no excuse for the author's subjective view, except perhaps when he enters into the story as Chorus, in the capacity of Time and Fate. Dickens is present in such a capacity when he evokes the rain in Lincolnshire, the fog of the Law Courts, or other of his symbolic atmospheres."—"A Treatise on the Novel," by R. Liddell. (Cape.)

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

SIR,

MR. VACHELL ON PIP

I have read with great interest and enjoyment the article in the current *Dickensian* entitled : *G.B.S. on Great Expectations*. The Bath Fellowship has been reading aloud this novel which was published in 1861, the year I was born. I could not attend the meetings, but, snug in my armchair, I too re-read this " compactly perfect " book from cover to cover. It may be more autobiographical than *David Copperfield*. I protest against one sentence. Mr. Humphry House nails his flag to the mast. He affirms that the novel is, of course, a snob's progress. Mr. Verdant Green, and other University undergraduates of his day, regarded all " townsmen " as snobs. In the *Ingoldsby Legends*, Barham spoke of shoemakers as " born " snobs. I prefer Thackeray's definition : " He who meanly admires mean things." Would Thackeray have labelled Pip snob ? Is there any taint (or even tincture) of the snob in Pip when he tells Biddy that he wants to be a gentleman ? merely an ingenuous admission that a small stream hopes to rise higher than its source. A Pip of to-day might preen himself on being a " gent." Wells's Kipps was, I submit, incontestably a gent never likely to become a gentleman. On the other hand his Mr. Polly might have burgeoned into a squireen. Lever hit the nail hard on the head. " Ain't a fellow a snob as wants to be taken for better-bred, or richer, or cleverer, or more influential than he really is ? "

Thackeray's greatest gentleman was Colonel Newcome. Mr. House execrates mid-Victorian days even as our merrymakers in Downing Street execrate all Tories. But I have known personally many Tories who were gentlemen in every sense of the word. Mr. House writes : " All the material wealth and boasted progress of that age were parasitic on the drudgery of an exploited working-class, a hideous underworld of labour." I think he ought to add : " These appalling conditions were universal, worse in France, Spain, Italy, Russia (and many other countries) than in Victorian England." At any rate, the Victorians had the manners which, according to William of Wykeham, maketh the MAN.

Our ideologists refuse to believe that the poor will be always with us. In their coming Utopia will society be purged of snobs ?

The beaux and belles of Bath who peacocked about our parades were a " gaggle " of snobs ; but as such they escaped the censure of eighteenth century writers. Was the word used by de Grammont when he wrote of the Hampton Court Beauties ? It is not used by Shakespeare.

Perhaps the worst form of snobbery is high-brow. A stupid snob quickens compassion ; a clever snob is " better dead." I can visualise the youthful Dickens as Pip. But if Pip and Dickens belonged to the ignoble army of snobs, I am a bigger snob than either of them.

Bath. HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL.

MARY ANGELA DICKENS

The eldest daughter of Charles Dickens the Younger, Mary Angela Dickens, died at Hitchin on her celebrated grandfather's birthday. Born in 1863, she was at one time a writer of popular novels, among which were *Cross Currents* (1891), *A Mere Cypher* (1893), *A Valiant Ignorance* (1894), *Prisoners of Silence* (1895), *Against the Tide* (1897), *On the Edge of a Precipice* (1899), *The Wastrel* (1901), *Unveiled* (1907), *The Debtor* (1912) and finally *Sanctuary*. Miss Dickens wrote several magazine articles on her grandfather, about whom she addressed the Gloucester Branch of the Dickens Fellowship in 1909 and two years later wrote for Messrs. Raphael Tuck, *Dickens's Dream Children*, which, illustrated by Harold Copping, has gone through many editions. She made a series of broadcasts from the book in 1925.—L. C. S.

THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP

Branch Reports of not more than 200 words are invited for inclusion on this page. Press cuttings are not acceptable

CIRENCESTER

THE recently revived Cirencester Branch continues to flourish. The 1947-48 Session was unique in that speakers for five of the seven monthly gatherings were provided by the Branch. As a result of the visit of Mr. Leslie C. Staples at the opening meeting, interest was created in the Dickens House, and the sum of nine guineas was raised as a result of a Dickens Evening, when scenes from *Martin Chuzzlewit*, *Barnaby Rudge*, *Nicholas Nickleby* and *Pickwick Papers* were performed. These were received with great enthusiasm and the Branch hopes to gain many new members by this performance and similar future evenings of music, song, and scenes from Dickens.—J. H. B.

HONOLULU

FOR the first time since 1941 that Branch held a Banquet on February 6th for which 200 people had gathered. Dr. Dunstan, the Treasurer and John Kneubuhl, Assistant Director of the Honolulu Community Theatre, arranged a series of sketches from *Great Expectations* which were especially well received and the toast to the Immortal Memory of Charles Dickens was proposed in a delightful speech by Dr. van Meter Ames, of the University of Cincinnati. The programme also included the Annual Meeting the highlight of which was the highly individual Treasurer's Report of Dr. J. Leslie Dunstan.—G. M. S.

HULL

THE Hull Branch, after many post-war difficulties, is now steadily increasing in membership, and celebrated the anniversary of Dickens's Birthday, as in previous years, by a Dinner. The President, Mr. W. S. Harr, presided. The Worshipful the Sheriff of Kingston upon Hull, Councillor H. J. Barney (a former President), and the Sheriff's Lady were the principal guests. In proposing the Toast of the "Immortal Memory," Councillor Barney spoke of the reforms Dickens had made in civic life and of the inspiration he had left us in his writings. The Toast of the "Dickens Fellowship" was proposed by the Hon. Gen. Secretary, Miss Margaret Cordock. Mr. R. M. Brodie (Past President) responded. Dancing and games brought a very happy evening to a close.—M. C.

LYTHAM ST. ANNES

THE Lytham St. Annes Branch has just ended its first session which has been an interesting and successful one. The Mayor, Alderman E. Wren Hilton, J.P., called a Public Meeting at the Town Hall in September, and the Inuagural Meeting followed in October, when Alderman Hilton was elected President for the session. Immediately following this meeting, the Branch suffered a great loss in the sudden death of Mr. Ernest Ward, Chairman of the Council, who was a great and enthusiastic Dickensian, and a Past President of the Manchester Branch. During the session, there have been two interesting lectures by Mr. W. J. Piper, "Dickens sits for his Portrait" and "Dickens the Craftsman," a Lucky Dip, and an evening devoted to the reading by members of their "Favourite Extracts," a lecture by Mrs. J. F. Robinson, "Head v. Heart," and an evening devoted to short papers, etc. On the social side, we had a visit by Mr. Leo Mason, who delighted everyone by his portrayal of well known Dickens characters, a jolly Christmas Party, a Whist Drive, and the Birthday Celebration when 70 members and friends assembled for luncheon. All the north-west Regional Branches sent delegates to this very successful function. At the Annual Meeting, Mr. Douglas Miller, M.A. (late High Master of the Manchester Grammar School and a Past President of the Manchester Branch) was elected President for the 1948-9 session. A Regional Group Conference was held in St. Annes in May when all branches in the north-west were represented. Plans for the summer include a Garden Party, two outings, and a prosperous future is regarded with confidence.—E. G.

MANCHESTER

THE Manchester Branch has just concluded an interesting and successful year, during which nine meetings, with programmes of lantern lectures, lectures, recitals, short papers, etc., have been held, with an average attendance of seventy-five. A Garden Party was held in the summer, and in November, three performances of the late Walter Dexter's adaptation of "Dolly

Varden " were given at the Queens Hall. The " Dingley Dell " Party, which is a traditional event in the Manchester Fellowship, was outstandingly successful, with a " Twenty Questions " session, on objects from " Great Expectations." The Birthday Dinner on February 7th was graced by the presence of the Lord Mayor of Manchester, Alderman Mary L. Kingsmill Jones, who was the principal speaker, and who was accompanied by the Lady Mayoress. Thirteen members have given lectures, recitals, and dramatic sketches at other branches and societies. Members of the Fellowship who staff the Hospital Library at the Northern Hospital have issued 2,589 books to patients. At the Annual General Meeting on April 23rd, the retiring President, Mrs. M. R. Wilson, invested the new President, Mr. T. H. Moffett, with the chain of office. M. C.

PORTSMOUTH

Since the revival of the Branch in September, sustained enthusiasm and growing membership has continued to encourage members. Dickensians in Portsmouth are naturally proud of the fact that here stands Dickens's Birthplace, now owned by the City and arranged as a Museum. The Resident Caretaker, Mr. A. R. Isles, is a great friend to the Fellowship by imparting his unique knowledge of Dickensia to visitors at the Museum and at the meetings. Mr. J. G. Ollé, Reference Librarian at Portsmouth Central Library, is also a keen Dickensian, and his talks from time to time are most helpful. The Branch is honoured in having the Lord Mayor of Portsmouth (Councillor F. Miles) as President, and a very able and charming Chairman, Mrs. O. Holloway. Mrs. Stock, the energetic Hon. Secretary, assisted by her equally keen Assistant Hon. Secretary, Miss Southwell, spend considerable time and trouble for the benefit of the Branch. Mrs. Buchanan does excellent service as Hon. Treasurer. The Birthday was celebrated by a highly successful Dinner. A series of fortnightly meetings is being enjoyed. Mr. Sidney Wolhouse lectured on " Dickens's Influence on the Modern Writer," and Mr. Leslie C. Staples on " The Dickens House." Readings, " Twenty Questions," Competitions, Whist Drives, and a motor coach excursion complete the programme which is setting the Branch firmly on its feet. —W. W. H.

WELLINGTON N.Z.

The February meeting in celebration of the Birthday of Dickens took the form of a happy social evening. It opened with a roll-call, the response being quotations from Dickens which caused a great deal of amusement. Mr. W. D. Charlton, the President, read an original poem in honour of the occasion and Master Brian Coomber gave an excellent character study of young David Copperfield. The Host and Hostess, Mr. and Mrs. Val Jones, created much interest by a description of a Boz Club Dinner in London forty years ago. Mrs. Val Jones movingly described the value of these gatherings and read two poetical tributes to Dickens which appeared in *The Dickensian* in 1908. Songs and games carried the evening happily until the culmination, a sumptuous supper such as we have not enjoyed these ten years, provided by the Hon. Secretary, Miss McKenzie, assisted by Mrs. Coomber.—V. M. J.

NORTH-WEST REGIONAL CONFERENCE

A highly successful Conference of the North-west Regional Group of Branches was held at St. Annes-on-Sea on May 1st, when representatives of all the six Lancashire Branches—Blackburn, Blackpool, Liverpool, Lytham-St. Annes, Manchester and Preston, met at the invitation of the very youthful but sturdy Lytham-St. Annes Branch. Mr. W. J. Piper was in the chair. The Hon. Secretary of the Group, Mr. H. E. Evans, having resigned, was thanked for services rendered and the Hon. Secretary of the Blackburn Branch, Mr. Leo Mason, was elected to succeed him. The meeting discussed a great deal of useful business calculated to be of considerable benefit to all the branches represented and it was resolved that the Annual Conference of the Dickens Fellowship should be invited to Lancashire in the near future. It was also decided that the next N.W. Group Conference be held in Manchester and Mr. T. H. Moffett was nominated chairman elect. An enjoyable dinner followed the meeting and Mrs. E. Graystock, Hon. Secretary of the Lytham St. Anne's branch was cordially thanked for the excellent arrangements.

OBITUARY

J. K. Thompson

It is with deep regret that we record the death of Mr. J. K. Thompson, in his eighty-first year. He was a charter member and secretary of the Philadelphia Branch for over thirty years. Mr. Thompson was a tireless worker for the ideals of Charles Dickens and his quiet, modest habits and cheerful humorous manner had long endeared him to many Dickensians both in England and America. He had collected a large and valuable library of Dickensiana which he presented to the Philadelphia Free Library about two years ago, at which time he would allow none of the publicity that usually attends such generosity. This Dickens Library was no mere collection of books but a labour of love coupled with a fine sense of discrimination and it now forms a very remarkable part of the great Dickens collection open to all for research and study. We were indeed fortunateto have his wise counsel and cheerful service for so many years and whether he played Mr. Pickwick in our theatricals or read one of his many scholarly papers on Dickens or his writings or helped to guide the branch over the difficult years of its early days and through two World Wars, he gave of his best and it was always very good. We are saddened by his passing but grateful indeed for his long and happy sojourn with us.

W. N. O.

Arnold Stewart Mason

The Liverpool Branch has suffered a grave loss in the sudden death of its President, Mr. A. S. Mason, which occurred on April 28th. Mr. Mason was President in 1935 when the Conference was held in Liverpool and it was mainly due to his untiring efforts and organising ability that it was such a success. As a member of the Dramatic Section, he played many parts and his great knowledge of Dickens aided him to portray such varied characters as Jaggers, Micawber and Pecksniff: indeed the late Walter Dexter said that his Jaggers was one of the finest he had seen. In the work of the Branch he was indefatigable. Although often in poor health he always supported every effort that was made to further its success and his death has caused a gap that will be difficult to bridge. Beneath his somewhat austere manner he was a true friend to everyone and his loss will be felt, not only in Liverpool, but in the many branches at which he was always a welcome guest.

F. E. B.

John Thomas Hawes

The death has been announced of Mr. J. T. Hawes, who was seven times Mayor of Chatham. He was widely known from his remarkable likeness to Charles Dickens, whom he impersonated in the Rochester Pageant of 1931.

Miss Rosa Gray, Sheffield. Mr. Sam. Johnson, Manchester.
Mr. R. C. Chevalier, London. Dr. Ed. Ellsworth Hipsher, Marion.

DICKENSIANA

"George Cruikshank." Ruari McLean. *English Masters of Black and White. Art and Technics.* 8*s.* 6*d.*
"The Railways of Britain, Past and Present." O. S. Nock. Batsford, 15*s.*
"Character Sketches from Dickens." Eric Jones-Evans. Samuel French, 2*s.*

"The Neo Barnacles." W. L. Burn. *Nineteenth Century.* February.
"Atmosphere." Ken Francis. *Chambers.* January.
"Fur Traders' Inn (The George and Vulture)." Margaret Arnett MacLeod. *The Beaver,* Toronto. December and March.
"Dickens and Gray's Inn." Leslie C. Staples. *Graya.* Easter Term Number.
"Who Was Dick Datchery." Pt. I. R. M. Baker, and "Trollope and *Little Dorrit,*" Bradford A. Booth. *The Trollopian.* March.

Congratulations and good wishes to the following newly-appointed Secretaries:

Mr. C. J. Turner, of Tewkesbury; Mr. A. F. Payne, of Redditch; Mr. J. H. Roe, of Blackpool; Mrs. Christine Allen and Miss Shirley White (jointly) of Vancouver; Miss E. M. Wiles, of Sheffield and Miss I. M. Pool, of Manchester.

The thanks of the whole Fellowship are tendered to the retiring Secretaries: Miss H. Cleator, Mrs. Treadgold (*nee* Bottrell), Miss I. Wilkinson, Mr. A. M. Colban and Miss Mary Corney.

THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP.

BALANCE SHEET AS AT 31ST DECEMBER, 1946.

LIABILITIES.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Sundry Creditors	... ...	98 4 0
Life Membership Fund—		
As at 31st December, 1945	514 10 0	
Subscriptions received 1946	60 7 6	
		574 17 6
Special Reserve	... ...	833 7 6
Costume Department Fund	... ...	287 0 2
Advertising Fund	75 2 10	
Dramatic Section	3 14 3	
War Comforts Fund	10 15 1	
		89 12 2
Walter Dexter Memorial Fund—		
As at 31st December, 1945	406 6 6	
Donations, 1946	751 14 4	
	1158 0 10	
Less Payment to Dickens House	800 0 0	
		358 0 10
Unexpended Balance of Receipts for Charitable Purposes	... ...	212 13 2
Functions Account	... ...	61 4 6
Income and Expenditure Account—		
Balance at 31st December, 1945	334 18 5	
Add Excess of Income over Expenditure for the year	226 12 1	
	561 10 6	
Add Profit on *The Dickensian*	13 5 2	
		574 15 8
		£3089 15 6

ASSETS.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Life Membership Fund Investment, at cost—		
£549 16*s.* 1*d.* 4% Consolidated Stock	... ...	574 17 3
(Market Value, 31st December, 1946, £640 10*s.* 5*d.*)		
Investment of Special Donation, at cost—		
£118 5*s.* 10*d.* 4% Consolidated Stock	... ...	105 0 0
(Market Value, 31st December, 1946, £137 16*s.* 0*d.*)		
Library, Pictures and Furniture (including items loaned to Dickens House Museum and Library)—		
As at 31st December, 1945...	29 6 8	
Less Depreciation at 10% per annum	2 18 8	
		26 8 0
The Tyrrell Collection of Photographic Negatives, at cost	... ...	75 0 0
Costume Department—		
Costumes at nomal value	100 0 0	
Cash at Bankers and in hand	187 0 2	
		287 0 2
The Dickens House—		
Loan Account	550 0 0	
Add Interest accrued thereon	10 0 0	
	560 0 0	
Add Current Account	112 16 0	
		672 16 0
The Dickensian—		
Loan Account	29 16 2	
Add Current Account	29 13 8	
		59 9 10
Amount paid in advance—Rates	... ...	5 12 6
Subscriptions in advance	... ...	65 9 6
Balances at Bankers and in hand—		
General Account	1225 1 4	
Less Petty Cash overdrawn	6 19 1	
		1218 2 3
		£3089 15 6

We have examined the above Balance Sheet with the books and vouchers of The Dickens Fellowship and certify the same to be in accordance therewith.
We have also verified the Investments.

4b Frederick's Place, Old Jewry, London, E.C.2.
15*th August*, 1947.

(*Signed*) WHINNEY, SMITH & WHINNEY,
Chartered Accountants,
Hon. Auditors.

(Income and Expenditure Account will appear in our next issue).

DICKENS PLAYS AND SKETCHES

adapted by J. COOPER SANDS,
President of the Nottingham Branch of the Dickens Fellowship.

Plays. 1/- *each.*

The Pickwickians, 24 M, 18 W.
The Old Curiosity Shop, 12 M, 10 W.
Martin Chuzzlewit, 17 M, 8 W.
Dombey and Son, 13 M, 12 W.
The Battle of Life, 6 M, 6 W.

Sketches. 6d. *each.*

The Gentleman Next Door (N.N.) 3 M, 2 W.
Gabriel Varden's Household, 1 M, 3 W.
Domestic Bliss in the Varden's Household, 2 M, 2 W.
Mark Tapley's Farewell and Return, 3 M, 1 W.
The Stranger's Visit (B.R.) 2 M, 1 W.
David Arrives at Dover, 2 M, 3 W, 3 boys.
Mrs. Jarley's Waxworks, 2 M, 2 W, 10 figures.
The Flight of Little Em'ly, 3 M, 2 W.
Night Adventure (O.C.S.) 3 M, 2 W.
The Death of Quilp, 4 M, 2 W.
Two Scenes from A Tale of Two Cities, 2 M, 1 W.
Two Scenes from Edwin Drood, 2 M, 3 W.
David's Dinner Party, 4 M, 4 W.
David and Steerforth visit Peggotty. 4 M, 2 W.
Dingley Dell. A Xmas Entertainment, 15 M, 8 W.
Bob Sawyer Entertains, 5 M, 2 W.
A Disappointment for Aunt Betsey, 1 M, 3 W.

The entire proceeds of all sales will be devoted to:
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(Walter Dexter Memorial)

The purchase of the requisite number of copies for a production carries the right of performance without royalty.

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DICKENS FELLOWSHIP LONDON MEETINGS

JUNE.
Tues. 8—The Eve of the Anniversary of Dickens's Death. A wreath will be placed on the grave by permission of the Dean. Meet West Door of Westminster Abbey, 6 p.m.
Sat. 19—Motor Coach Tour to Pip's Marshes and Rochester, conducted by Mr. W. Glanvill Mason. Tickets (inclusive of Luncheon, Tea and gratuities) 25/-. Book early.

JULY.
Tues. 6—Evening Visit to Limehouse conducted by Mr. Mostyn Harper. Meet Limehouse Church, 7 p.m.

SEPTEMBER.
Sat. 4—Visit to Southwark conducted by Mr. George F. Young. Meet London Bridge Tube Station, 2-30 p.m.

THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP

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Full particulars of the Fellowship and forms of Membership can be obtained from any of the Secretaries.

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